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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1890.

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Price Ten Cents.



THE RAPE OF THE LOCKS.

A JEALOUS RIVAL OF PRETTY LIZZIE SAVIDGE, OF DARBY, PA., STEALS HER TRESSES.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1890.

Readers of the Police Gazette

Will please note carefully our advertisement on page 14 of

Elegant Cabinet Photographs

of Pugilists, Wrestlers, Athletes, Oarsmen, Ball Players, Billiardists, Lady Bicyclists, Actors, Actresses in all kinds of costumes, Famous Men and Women, and Fighting Dogs.

This collection has been made at a great expense, and is being added to daily.

They are mailed to any address for 10 cents each. It is in the reach of any person to have a fine collection of these Photographs at a very little outlay. The size is 4½ by 6½ inches.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
Franklin Square, New York.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE Hatfields and McCoys are still having a lively time in Kentucky, and, from where we sit, it looks as if either the Hatfields or McCoys will be eliminated from the face of the earth if they are given time enough. From present appearances the thought suggests itself that the Hatfield and McCoy people must be extremely fond of children or are going to start themselves in the undertaking business. The POLICE GAZETTE has issued a book on the subject of the feud, and it is highly seasoned reading.

THE good pastor, Rev. Asa N. Dyer, of the "Brick Church," in Dighton, Mass., which is a next-door neighbor to Taunton, has for some time past been waging war against his flock for indulging in the frivolities of kissing. It was all well enough while the boys and girls enjoyed themselves with osculatory scenes, but when the hatchet-faced spinsters of the flock announced that they were going to take a hack at it that settled the business, and the town was in danger of being depopulated.

THE merry girls of the Kajanka troupe, recently showing in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, had a lively time one day recently. The City of Churches is the possessor of a crank named Denton who attaches "Professor" to his cognomen. The professor is the proprietor of unlimited gall, and he was grabbed by the Kajanka contingent, and they did stunts with him and then had him arrested. The professor has announced his intention of roosting high hereafter when a Kajankaite is loitering in his neighborhood.

THERE are some thieves who are really too mean to live. A woman's beauty lies in her hair, and anyone who will rape a lock, alias steal the tresses, of a pretty girl is deserving of no pity, charity or philanthropy. On the front page of this week's issue of the POLICE GAZETTE is delineated the story of the robbery of the hair of Miss Lizzie Savidge, of Darby, Pa. It is said that a jealous rival was the purloiner. There are more ways than one for one girl to get square on another, but according to our way of thinking this is the vilest, for a bald-headed maiden is not at all pretty to the view.

THE conquering hero, Peter Jackson, has arrived in town, and will make the POLICE GAZETTE office his headquarters while he remains in this city. The colored champion is looking well and is the perfect picture of robust health. He announces himself as thoroughly satisfied with his treatment by the fair-minded sporting men of England, and would like to take a fall out of any of the big 'uns, bar none. Parson Davies, Jackson's manager, is also as hale, hearty and chipper as usual, and tells good stories of the good treatment he received at the hands of the Pelican Club and its large-hearted members.

REALITY is always more forcible than romance, and there is not a writer living who can draw on his imagination to an extent that will make solid facts take a back seat. Jules Verne told the story of an imaginary trip around the world in eighty days, but two cooey little maidens have called his hand and seen him several better. "Nellie Bly," otherwise Pink Elizabeth Cochrane, whom the enterprising New York World started around the globe, corralled Phileas Fogg, and Elizabeth Bisland, started around the world by the equally energetic Cosmopolitan Magazine, has downed "Phil" by several days. The girls deserve credit, and the POLICE GAZETTE this week presents their photographs, which are true to life.

MASKS AND FACES

Tom and May--Echoes From Everywhere.

"BARBER OF BAGDAD."

Barney Fagan's Romance--Jake and Jenny--Mansfield--Salvini--Mantell--Sarah's Patriotic Speech.

WHIMS OF STAGE WOMEN.

There have been plenty of items of theatrical news during the past week. Billy Barry, of Barry and Fay, for instance, has been sued for \$5,000 for slapping the face of Agnes Hallowell.



I am told that Barry says he merely waved his hand and it came in contact accidentally, as it were, with the phiz.

Paulus, the music hall singer of Paris, who, by his songs, made Boulevard famous, may come over to America next year. He is one of the homeliest men in the gay city, but so great is his personal charm that many women are crazy over him.

Paulus is a good, limber-legged, fantastic dancer and used to kick up his legs at Mabilie and Bullier in the old days.

Salvini, who has not been a big financial card during his present tour, announced in Chicago the other night that this is his last season.

If Salvini retires now he is wise. He is getting fat and unwieldy, and he is as penurious as ever. Ristori stayed on the stage too long, and Janussek and Modjeska are making the same mistake.

Mique O'Brien, the clever feuilletonist of the Times-Star, has interviewed Barney Fagan.

"I had rather a romantic adventure in Cincinnati some five or six years ago," said the dancer to the journalist. "I was arrested for bigamy. The case looked like a desperate one. I was told to get Tom Campbell to act as my lawyer. I did so. He made a ten-line speech to the judge, in which he convinced that official that I couldn't be held longer than forty-eight hours without a requisition from Boston. The judge released me. Campbell charged me \$150. That same day two Boston detectives hunted for me with a requisition. I was in Campbell's office. They knew it and came after me. I was warned, and while the detectives were coming up on the elevator I was going down on the wire rope that pulls it up. I made haste to get out of town. But they nipped me afterward, and it cost me \$1,800 to get out of the scrape."

Gilbert says he never reads the criticisms on his librettos.

It's a good thing he didn't read Leander Richardson's review of "The Gondoliers," as produced at the Park Theatre, New York. Richardson speaks of the company as "the cheapest, illest conditioned, least competent, lowest-lived, rottenest organization that ever found lodgment in an American theatre," "an aggregation of bullet-headed, pigeon-toed, pie-footed, boiler-voiced, herring-bellied choristers!" And Richardson is pretty nearly right. I am told "The Gondoliers" is a fizzle in New York. John Stetson alludes to it wittily as "The Gone Dollars," and A. M. Palmer and Dave Henderson wish they had not made those hasty little contracts with the oily and wily Carte.

I met Lew Dockstader in the lobby of a hotel in Cincinnati the other day. "I feel like a new man since I don't star," said he. "Primrose and West, with whom I am, you know, are doing a big business everywhere."

At a table d'hôte dinner in Chicago, a few weeks ago, I had as a charming vis-a-vis Marie Reid, late of the Casino, then of McCaull. Miss Reid has a regular face, a deep-set antipathy to Max Freeman, and a fine family tree. They say her papa was on the bench once upon a time.

What will become of us next season? Anderson, they say, is going to marry Novarra, a young fellow with millions. Langtry is going to show off her faded charms in England. Potter is booked for Australia. We'll have to be satisfied with Marlowe, and Lillian Lewis and Modjeska.

I see May Yohe has been the cause that Tom Williamson, the well-known turn-of-frisco, went into the

editorial office and smashed the head of Hirsh, of the Evening Post, there. A paragraph appeared about Yohe and him in that paper that Williamson didn't like, so he took the law into his own hands. Yohe, you may remember, is the young woman whose bastard contract charmed a prominent manager in Chicago a couple of summers ago, and caused a prominent leading man of Boston to forego celibacy for a time. Miss Yohe has a fine eye, a poor accent and a loving mamma.



Bob Mantell, whose work in "Monbars" and the "Corsican Brothers" is much admired by some, habitually wears a wig.

Barrymore does also, and De Wolf Hopper. Mike Kennedy, the comedian, has just the lightest kind of a tuft, so small in fact that

when he carries it in his vest pocket it looks no bigger than a big foreign cigarette.

"There," said Jake Rosenthal, formerly manager of Jennie Yeamans, "there goes the man who broke up our company!" As he spoke he pointed at Irwin McDowell, the latest husband of Fanny Davenport, a handsome, strapping fellow. "One day," continued Jake, "Jennie happened to meet Irwin McDowell on the cars, and began chatting with him. That evening Jennie didn't show up, and we had to dismiss the house. She didn't care for acting on the stage any more. They say woman is at the bottom of every mischief. In this case it was a leading man."

Harvey, who runs the bar at the Richelieu in Chicago, is the father of Hattie Harvey, the soubrette. He seems to have photos of his sprightly daughter on tap, for he promptly goes to a drawer behind the bar and pulls one out if you half hint at his offspring.

Harvey told me Hattie and Patti were great friends. George Keogh is now to be the manager of the girl, and Jimmy Ryan will no longer go bawling in that rich baritone of his, "And the Band Played Hattie Harvey!" as he was wont to do.

I am sorry to see that Mansfield, as Richard III., didn't please the Gothamites. He is said to have lost his breeches at Palmer's. You will notice that in speaking of Richard's breeches I am archaologically correct. It would not be proper to speak of a king of the fifteenth century as dropping his socks or his pants.

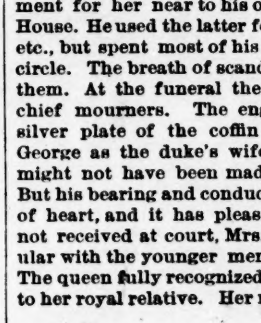
Albert Sterner, the artist, has been doing some clever drawings of theatrical people lately. His sketch of Modjeska as Ophelia is fine. He has happily caught the spirit of Rosalind as incarnate in Ada Rehan. He has even succeeded in reproducing the nondescript Lady Anne of Beatrice Cameron. You may not know that Sterner can act, and sing basso, and play the piano, as well as paint and draw. I hear he is to do life-size portraits in oil of Rehan and Mansfield.

Maggie Mitchell is much amused at the guesses people make at her age. "I met the popular soubrette at dinner the other night," said Jas. H. Aligan, long manager of Chanfrau and Oliver Dowd Byron, to me. "She has none of that falsetto voice in daily life that you notice on the stage."

"Guess my age! They don't come anywhere near guessing my age. But no matter; I shall retire next season," said she, "for good! When I find I can't dance any more, I think I'd better stop. But my heart is still as young as ever."

Mrs. Fitz-George's death and funeral in London the other day directed public attention to the Duke of Cambridge's domestic relations. She was known over forty years ago as Miss Farebrother, a popular dancer and actress at Drury Lane, and at other theatres. The duke, who was at that time sowing his wild oats married her, according to the rites of the Church of England. But as the union was invalidated by King George III's law on the subject of royal marriages, Mrs. Fitz-George was never received at court. She led a most exemplary life, and became the mother of three sons and a daughter. The Duke of Cambridge refused all ideas of supplementing this morganatic marriage by wedding a German or any other Princess. He was greatly attached to his wife, and started an establishment for her near to his own residence at Gloucester House. He used the latter for official functions, levees, etc., but spent most of his time in his wife's domestic circle. The breath of scandal never touched either of them. At the funeral the duke and his son acted as chief mourners. The engraved inscription on the silver plate of the coffin acknowledged Mrs. Fitz-George as the duke's wife. This open recognition might not have been made if the duke had so willed. But his bearing and conduct showed him to be a man of heart, and it has pleased the multitude. Though not received at court, Mrs. Fitz-George was very popular with the younger members of the royal family. The queen fully recognized her fidelity and usefulness to her royal relative. Her majesty and the Princess of Wales both sent warm expressions of sympathy to the duke.

The gentlemen who run the cable from the other side of the Atlantic Ferry tell us Sarah Bernhardt made an immense hit in "Joan of Arc," a new play by Bernier. The audience was carried away with passionate enthusiasm at her patriotic outbursts in the part. Bernhardt has always posed as a lover of France. At a public banquet given in Copenhagen in her honor some years ago, Bernhardt responded to a toast, and, looking straight at the Ambassador of Germany, who sat opposite her, exclaimed, with theatrical fervor: "I drink to my dear France, but to united, not dismembered France! I drink to her warlike glory in the past and her battle triumphs and deep revenge in the future!"



JUST PUBLISHED--An Elegant Cabinet Photograph of Florence St. John, of the London Gaiety Co. Only 10 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

Once again is Figaro, the barber type, immortalized in opera.

This time Cornelius celebrates the words and deeds of a tonsorial artist in "The Barber of Bagdad," now playing occasionally at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York.

A love-sick Turkish gentleman in Bagdad is down with a real distemper from a passion for a lady. He is about to die, and the chorus is singing him off, when a good servant arranges that he shall see this damsel secretly. He rallies up under the strong stimulation of amorous hope, and sends for a barber to shave him and make him pretty before he meets *Margiana*. The barber is a genius, an old man with a long beard, who, producing his instruments, begins to cackle; he is an astrologer, with a lively conceit of himself, and, instead of cutting off the beard, he begins to draw the horseshoe of the patient. The patient stands him a good while, and then calls his servants to turn him out; the old fellow stands his ground and says that he is in love with his young friend, and means no harm. Another chance is given him, when he commences to shave; when alighting upon the subject of the patient's love he starts to sing to him, being also a musical composer. The poor man, dying to see his girl and just from the bed of distemper, makes an appeal to the barber's feelings to come and shave him and be done with it.

The next time the barber goes off is upon a crusade of talk against people who shave themselves and deprive the honest barber of his trade. This is also long. Then he tells of the death of his seven brothers, each one of whom died from love. The opera is sung in German, which is much better in the libretto than the English. Every brother is named and the cause of his distemper, and finally the old man says that love is slowly killing himself. He now goes into a medical diagnosis of the poor fellow whose head he is shaving. At last *Nureddin*, the lover, turns the tables on the barber, and calling in the chorus assures them that the barber is about to die. He has the attendants stick him in bed, push him full of pills, blanket him like a horse, bleed him, and, if necessary, thrash him. Such is the first act. The most harmless and medicinal comedy. The second and last act is the meeting between the lovers, both inclined to passion and tenderness. The old *Cadi*, who was the father of the girl, has a big trunk brought in full of jewelry; these jewels are the gift of a lover who does not appear, who enters her hand. The trunk is left in the fine house, and the lovers, meeting, have a beautiful song expressing excellent ideas. *Nureddin* tells *Margiana* that before he saw her he was full of exquisite words to describe her, but now that he is in her presence he is dumb, except to say "I love thee." She replies that she has set out flowers daily for him, and has sent them in his sickness, but now that he has appeared every flower seems to hang its head in blushes, but the rose alone stands up, all dyed as from the heart, and seems to say, "I love thee."

Very pretty, you see, Cornelius, "Barber of Bagdad," very poetical.

Here no monotonous "Next!" Here no tiresome invitation to buy a new hair restorer.

But lots of ballets, flowers and catchy tunes. Dame Justice plays as queer pranks with the concert halls of Cincinnati as she does with those of New York.

Sometimes Dame Justice shuts them up and sometimes she doesn't.

There are about two thousand three hundred saloons in the Queen City of the West.

At the concert halls of Kissel, of Peter, and of Schaub, sacred concerts almost as pious as those of Chicago were merrily in vogue on the day of rest and prayer.

I was much amused at the sacred selection made by a certain curly-headed but sacred young vocalist at one of these sacred concerts.

Curly bawled something like this:

I'm so shy; I am, don't you think?
I'm as coy as a gay bobolink.
My fellow is spry, I give him the wink,
And I'm dressed in sealskin or mink!

Grimly and Smiler, tragedian and comedian, meet after dinner and stand picking their molars with aristocratic nonchalance.

"I've just eaten dinner at Hasher's," said Grimly. "I tell you what, old man, there are no flies on his table!"

"Of course there isn't," replied Smiler. "They're all in the soup!"

The agents I have met on the road and the yarns and fairy stories I have heard!

More than ever am I of the opinion that the only men who can fairly puff their own wares are the cigarmakers.

LEW ROSEN.

LOVE WITH A VENGEANCE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Robert L. Scott, of Denver, Col., has for some time past been in love with Nellie Ryan. The girl disliked him. They both worked in a restaurant. Through his many annoyances she caused him to be discharged. A few days ago, while Miss Ryan and two lady friends walking down Sixteenth street, Scott emerged from an alley, drew his revolver, and fired three times, killing the girl instantly. He then escaped, and up to the time we went to press had not been captured.

HE KNOWS A GOOD SHOW.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

There is no better-known manager in all England than Augustus Harris, whose picture we are pleased to present elsewhere in this week's issue of the POLICE GAZETTE. Mr. Harris has gained fame, fortune and popularity by presenting to his patrons delectable shows. As the manager of Covent Garden and Drury Lane theatres, Mr. Harris has gained his well-earned fame as a manager.

A WEEK OF WOE.

Several States in the Union Take the Passion Prizes.

COQUETTING WITH LOVE.

The Boys and Girls Got There Last Week,

AND HAD AN AWFUL TIME.

Conduct That is Really and Truly Reprehensible.

"TOMMY RATS" TELLS THE TALE.

The gods were kept exceedingly busy last week in grinding out sensations and some of them are exceedingly sensational. When the gods spit upon their hands and pull themselves together, determined to swell the passions of poor mortals, they generally arrive on schedule time, and it becomes necessary to side-track the other trains.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA., AGAIN.

It does truly appear as if Birmingham, Alabama, couldn't stop wriggling and emitting out sensational news if she tried. The famous Alabama town was the author of another sensation during the week.

On the day referred to the bedlammed clerk of one of the leading hotels was confronted by a pretty, plump, pleasing, pert and petite woman, who announced herself as Mrs. Chas. R. Miller of Dallas, Tex. She sent for the manager of the hotel and explained that she had married Charles R. Miller of Birmingham in Texas seven years ago. She said he deserted her immediately after the ceremony without a word of ex-



SHE WANTS AN EXPLANATION.

planation, and she heard nothing from him until a few days prior, when, by accident, she learned that he was living in Birmingham. She said she had come to see him and ask an explanation of his strange conduct, but not to attempt to live with him.

Miller is the son of a wealthy banker, and is himself prominent in business and social circles. He was supposed to be unmarried, and it is reported he is engaged to a prominent young society lady of a neighboring city. A messenger was sent to Miller's office with a note from his alleged wife. Instead of calling at the hotel, Miller took the first train out of the city. A brother of Miller's, accompanied by an attorney, called at the hotel and had a long conference with the lady from Texas. What terms they made with her could not be learned; but she left the city to return to her home in Texas. Miller returned to Birmingham later, but refused to say one word about the affair.

Society circles in the lively town are lolling this sweet morsel of gossip under their tongues, and Miller is the object of a large share of the attentions of the gossips.

A CINCINNATI, ARK., LOVE STORY.

Here comes a love story from Cincinnati, Ark. Cincinnati, Ark., is a lovely place nor by nor-east of Talequah, I. T., and it is made more lovely by the fact that it is the abiding place of jolly Minnie Hall, the daughter of the Rev. Hall, a Bible pounder of the cross-section.

Now, I'm going to tell the story as it has been told to me. In the vicinity of Cincinnati lives and labors the Rev. Mr. Hall, a minister of the gospel and the father of one of the prettiest girls in the district, by name Minnie. William Smith is a farm hand who is, or was, employed by a neighbor of the preacher. Smith, being above the average for good looks, succeeded in getting into the good graces of the minister's daughter. The old minister had been informed of the very close connection existing between the two, but he never said a word.

One Sunday recently the old man, on returning from Sabbath school service, found his daughter and Mr. Smith together; moreover, Mr. Smith had one arm around Miss Hall's waist. This sight aroused the Rev. Mr. Hall's temper to an uncontrollable pitch, and he proceeded to do up Mr. Smith in one round, the young lover coming out of the fight with swollen eyes and a sprained wrist. He was immediately dismissed,

but this seemed to have no effect on the strong attachment between the two lovers.

On the following night, by means of a ladder placed at the window of the girl's bedroom, she escaped, and, accompanied by her lover, hid herself to the beautiful prairies of the Indian Territory, taking with her one of the best horses on the farm, together with \$100 in cash.

On awakening next morning and finding his daughter missing, the reverend gentleman, with one other man, commenced a pursuit with bloodhounds, leaving at 12 o'clock at night and proceeding on to Bradd's Station. Since leaving it has been learned that the young couple preceded the pursuing couple some hours and succeeded in getting married and making their escape by the valley railroad.

FROM CONNECTICUT TO COLORADO.

That booming town, Kansas City, Mo., had a sensation recently which proved that the number "13" is keeping up its reputation for luck. On the day re-



SHE WOULD AND HE WOODED, BUT THE OLD MAN WOULDN'T.

ferred to a gentleman, evidently of means and respectability, alighted at the Grand Union Depot in that city in a slightly perturbed state. [This remark does not refer to the State of Mo.—TOMMY RATS.]

The gentleman announced to inquisitive persons that he was Amos J. Swanton, of Ansonia, Conn., and that he was en route to Canon City, Col., where he expected to find his thirteen-year-old son in company with a thirteen-year-old wife, see Miss Ida Smith, also of the Nutmeg State. He inquired of the depot master, Cleaner, when the Santa Fe train would leave.

"Just got in from St. Joseph," Swanton said, "where I had business of a rather peculiar nature with a relative of mine. This relative is a good old aunt, who has given me a world of trouble by a strange idea she possesses on the subject of marriage among children. She lived at my home in Ansonia for several years and the childish regard that existed between my boy of nine and a neighbor's daughter was carefully fostered and encouraged by the old lady. Of course we offered no open opposition to the matter, treating it all lightly as fun. It was a year ago that my aunt left for the West."

"My thirteen-year-old boy disappeared suddenly last month, and with him went the daughter of an acquaintance. I traced the young pair readily to New York, but could not learn of them further than that. I knew my son had no money, and the girl's parents claimed that their daughter did not have a cent. My aunt is a wealthy woman, and I wrote to her at once, but could hear nothing from her. It occurred to me that she alone was responsible for the runaway. After a consultation with the girl's parents I concluded to come to St. Joseph and interview my aunt. When I reached St. Joseph I found my aunt, and she confessed that she had arranged for the marriage of the children."

"She had met them in some small Pennsylvania town on December 6, where she gave her consent to the marriage and defrayed all expenses. I displayed my anger and demanded the children, when she told me that they were living with a Mrs. Foss, in or near



AND SO THEY WERE MARRIED.

Canon City, Col. When I asked her what she meant by such a piece of extreme foolishness she said she had plenty of money, and that she hoped to make the children happy by seeing them married. She offered to support the young people handsomely until the young man is able to earn a good living for his wife. Mr. and Mrs. William Smith, reputable people living in Ansonia, are the parents of the girl. Mr. Smith is a mechanic." Mr. Swanton would not give the name of

his aunt. "The old lady meant well," he said, "and I will not help make her notorious."

Then Mr. Swanton hopped aboard the train with "spank" depicted on every lineament.

A SPRINGFIELD, O., MAIDEN'S LOVERS.

There is no prettier girl in all Springfield, O., than Maggie Sells. It is not the least bit of exaggeration to say that nearly every gallant in Springfield was mashed on pretty Maggie, but the two who had the inside track were John Davis and Ed Smith. Both "Jack" and Ed had besought members of the Sells family to whoop up Maggie's affections in their behalf, and thus the Sells family became somewhat divided, and the brothers and father of the girl took a stand against mother and daughter. Their choice of the two young men was John Davis, while the girl and her mother favored Smith. The brothers went to Anderson, Ind., a month ago and contracted to build ten houses. Davis has considerable knowledge of the lumber bus-

she wanted him to do she would answer, "Go out and find McGinty."

These jokes became so time-worn that in a short while none of the family paid any attention to them. Soon, however, she took a new tack, and several



THEY LOVED AWFULLY.

members of the household heard her shouting, "Down went McGinty" at the top of her voice in the bath room. They rushed up-stairs where they discovered Mrs. Donohue entirely disrobed.

"I am McGinty," she exclaimed to her astonished relatives, "and here I go to the bottom of the sea." With that she jumped into the bath tub head first, severely bruising her face. She was secured with some difficulty, and a physician was quickly summoned. He pronounced her completely bereft of reason, and she was taken to the Philadelphia Hospital. While there she tried to get her head into the tin cups in which her drinking water had been placed, and failing in this she used the cups to play tit-tat-too.

It appears from the foregoing that the state of the thermometer takes no part in the state of the affections of the madding throng.



"MRS. MCGINTY."

Say, reader of the POLICE GAZETTE, doesn't it strike you in that way? Now, honor bright!

TOMMY RATS.

ON THE RAMPAGE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mr. George K. McNeal, of No. 28 Cass street, Cannon Lake, Minn., was in the kitchen of his home recently, when he was startled at hearing three shots fired in rapid succession, coming from the bedroom in which his four children slept. Before he could turn around Mrs. McNeal rushed from her bedroom in her nightclothes with a 44-calibre revolver in her right hand and a bottle of carbolic acid in the other. She pointed the revolver at her husband, but he disarmed her and forced her into a chair, immediately after which she swooned away. Rushing to the bedroom, a sickening sight met the husband's gaze. The blood was streaming from the right temple of little Ida, aged six years, and she was already dead. Mary, a babe of six weeks, had been shot through the forehead. Henry, a boy of four years, was shot through the left lung. He died two hours later. To Oliver, a boy of two years, she gave a drink of carbolic acid and then drank the rest of the contents of the bottle herself. The doctors say both Mrs. McNeal and the child Oliver will die. Insanity was the cause of the tragedy.

FIVE THOUSAND PEOPLE ASTONISHED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

About five thousand people recently attended the funeral of Miss Laura Dixon of Elizabeth, N. J., who committed suicide because her lover George Wetmer, discarded her and married another girl. When the coach containing the father and sisters of the dead girl was passing Wetmer's house, the blinds of which were tightly closed, one of the Dixon girls gave vent to piercing shrieks and tried to throw herself out of the vehicle. It was all her father and the other inmates of the coach could do to restrain her, and finally the intensity of her emotions caused her to swoon.

JEALOUSY THE CAUSE.

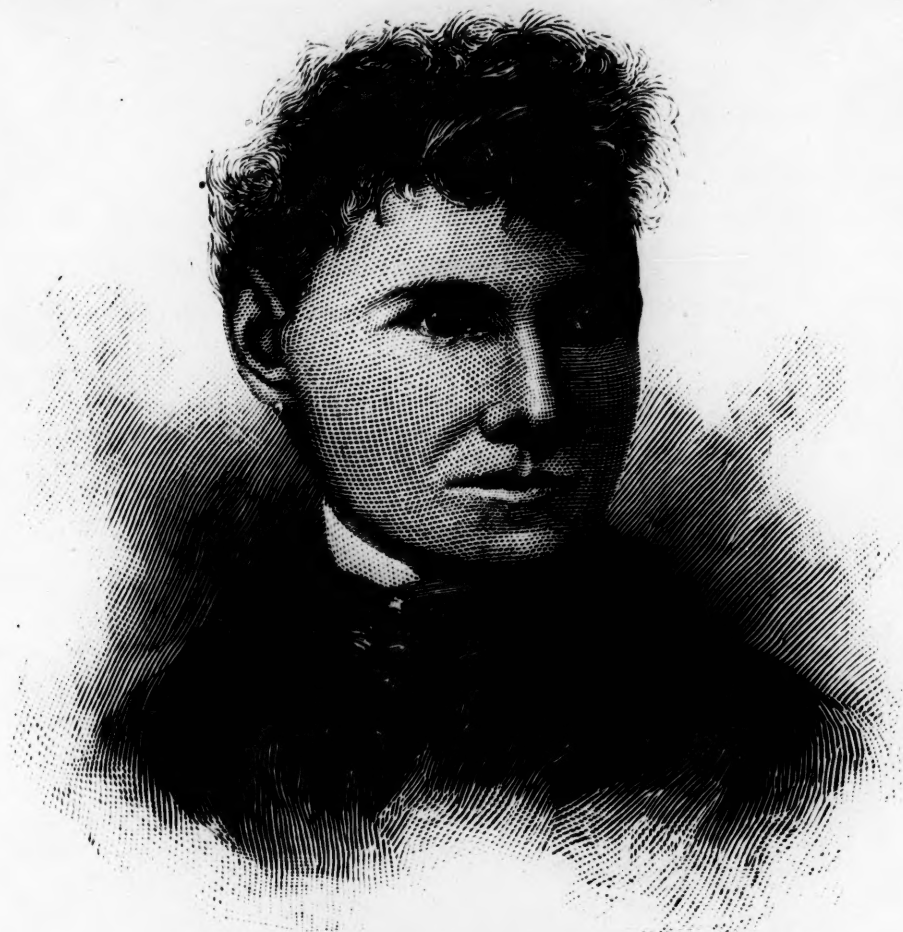
[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A fatal fight occurred a few miles south of Shelbyville, Ill., recently. Miss Lucy Stapp charged Mrs. Thomas Askins with having spoken "derogatory of her character" and began to strike her with a stick of wood. She soon, however, dropped the stick, and drawing a knife cut her victim's throat. Miss Stapp escaped. Mrs. Askins cannot recover.

LOOK HERE, FRIEND, ARE YOU SICK?

Do you suffer from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Liver Complaint, Nervousness, Lost Appetite, Biliousness, Exhaustion or Tired Feeling, Pains in Chest or Lungs, Dry Cough, Nightmares or any form of Consumption? If so, send to Prof. Hart, 88 Warren St., New York, who will send you free, by mail, a bottle of *Floratiplex*, which is a sure cure. Send to-day,

Two Great Books.—Bells Start, or, The Female Outlaw of the West; and Devil Anser, or, The Hatfield McCoy Outlaws. Handsomely illustrated; 25 cents each. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York City.



"NELLIE BLY,"

THE FASCINATING YOUNG LADY WHO HAS JUST SUCCEEDED IN KNOCKING PHILEAS FOGG INTO A COCKED HAT.



HE KNOWS A GOOD SHOW.

AUGUSTUS HARRIS, THE POPULAR MANAGER OF THE COVENT GARDEN AND DRURY LANE THEATRES IN LONDON.



ELIZABETH BISLAND.

THE CHARMING AROUND-THE-WORLD GIRL WHO ALSO DUMPED JULES VERNE'S HERO INTO THE CONSOMME.



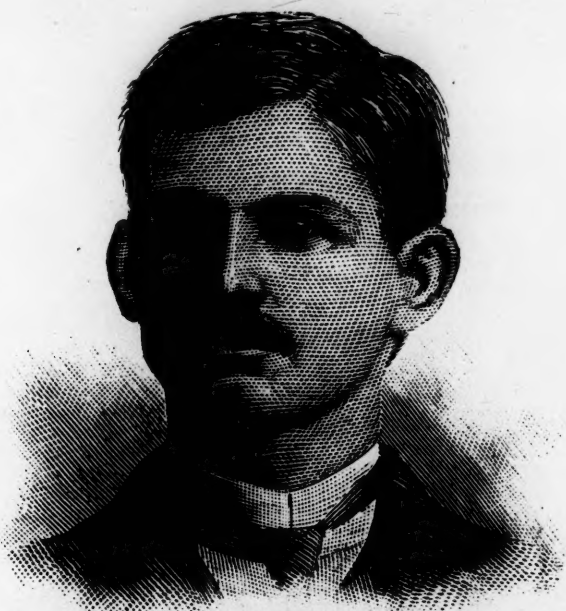
THEY WANT "JOHNNIE'S" SCALP.

A NEW YORK DUDE INVITES TEN EXCEEDINGLY ENTICING GAIEITY GIRLS TO A WINE SUPPER BUT THEY ONLY GET BEER.



A CHARMING SOUBRETTE.

"MISS" CARRIE MAYNARD, WHO, IN ADDITION TO HER HISTRIONIC POWERS, IS A CHAMPION WALKER WITH A RECORD.



WHERE IS THOMAS PALMER?

FOR WHOSE CAPTURE SHERIFF GOWEN OF LAWRENCE COUNTY, ILL., OFFERS TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD.



JIMMY HAS SKIPPED.

ASSISTANT CASHIER KENT OF THE C., O. & ST. LOUIS RAILROAD SKEDADDLES FROM CAIRO, ILL., WITH A BOODLE.



ELOPED WITH HIS NIECE.

I. L. BAKER, AN AGED KANSAS FARMER, WHO COVETED A CHARMING HUNTINGTON COUNTY, PA., GIRL.



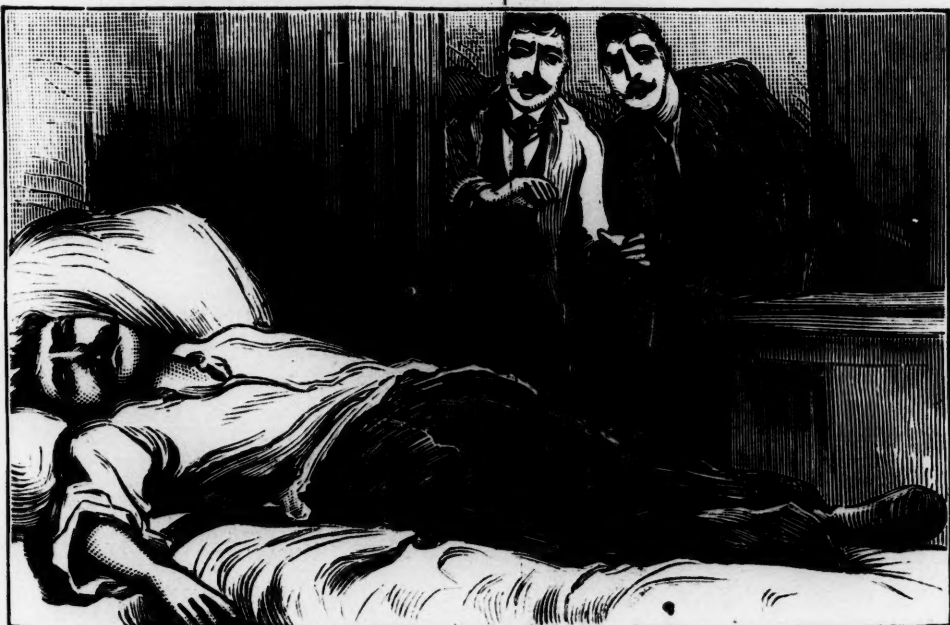
ON THE RAMPAGE.

MRS. GEORGE K. M'NEAL, WIFE OF A WELL-KNOWN CITIZEN OF CANNON LAKE, MINN., BECOMES INSANE AND SCOURGES HER FAMILY.



MIMICKED THE HOG-KILLING.

TWO SONS OF CHARLES MARTIN OF ABBEVILLE, ALA., SCALD THEIR YOUNGER BROTHER TO DEATH IN A TUB OF BOILING WATER.



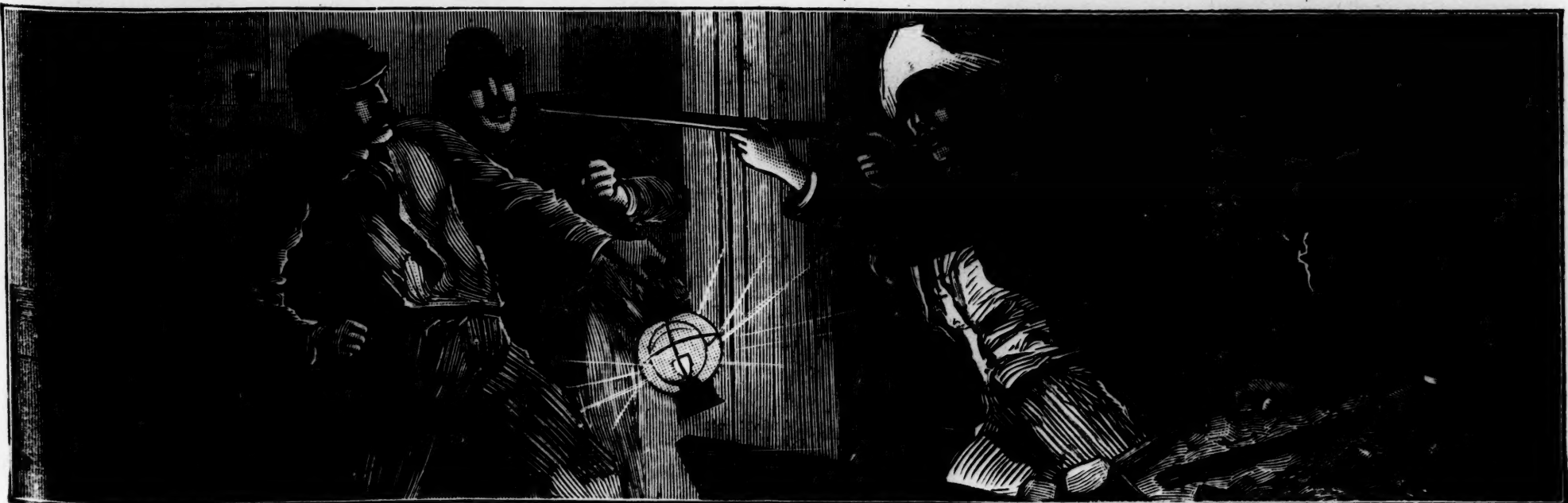
DID HE MEAN IT?

A PROMINENT TROY, N. Y., CITIZEN BLOWS HIS LAST GAS OUT BECAUSE, AS HE SAID, OF HIS WIFE'S UNFAITHFULNESS.



JEALOUSY THE CAUSE.

MISS LUCY STAPP, OF SHELBYVILLE, ILL., USES CORD-WOOD ON AN ALLEGED UNSOCIABLE NEIGHBOR WITH SERIOUS RESULTS.



THEY HELD UP THE TRAIN.

MASKED MEN MAKE THINGS VERY LIVELY FOR THE CREW OF A TRAIN ON THE CENTRAL PACIFIC ROAD NEAR TULARE, CAL.

VERY NAUGHTY GIRLS.

They Kissy Kissy and Huggy Huggy Right in Church.

DIGHTON, MASS., RIPPED UP.

The Parson and His Flock Have a Scrapping Match.

WICKED GIRLIES AND NAUGHTY CHAPPIES.

Dighton, Mass., adjacent to Taunton, and one of the prettiest little villages that can be found in Benbutleretate, has a pain in its side. The grip hasn't mended down that way, but Dighton has a pain in its side, allee samee.

"Brick Church," the taun meetin' house, and its



KISSY KISSY IN THE CHURCH.

good pastor, Rev. Asa N. Dyer, are the cause of the circus.

"Brick Church" is so called because it is a church and is constructed of brick. Rev. Asa N. Dyer is so called because—well, because that is his name. After having explained these mysteries let us unwind our tale.

The church war was at first no bigger than a man's hand, but now it has attained the elephantine proportions of a Chicago girl's foot or a fresh reporter's gall, and the surrounding locality is being shaken from centre to circumference and all around its periphery.

The girls of the congregation were fond of playing kissy-kissy with the male lambs of the flock and the shepherd waxed wroth and kicked.

"Brick Church," as it is called, had not learned how to conduct social gatherings without resorting to those old-fashioned kissing games. Their church sociables were veritable kissing bees, and the sport was not indulged in exclusively by the younger people either. Ripe old spinsters were just as enthusiastic over "Copenhagen," "London bridge" and "post office" as were the younger people. This was the condition of affairs when the Rev. Asa N. Dyer accepted the pastorate.



AN UNWILLING SQUEEZER.

The good pastor observed with pleasure at first the manifestations of friendly interest in the welfare of one another among the people of his flock, as evinced at the almost nightly gatherings; but his pleasure was changed to alarm when he saw the sanctuary filled with males and females whose only thoughts seemed to be of an osculatory nature. When he saw that elderly maidens vied with blushing damsels in participation in the fascinating games, and gleefully counted the number of times each had passed through the pleasurable ordeal, and that the sanctuary had been turned into a house for kissing bees, then Mr. Dyer put his foot down, and the result was persecution.

Notwithstanding the fact that Parson Dyer was compelled to wear his finger-nails off up to his cuff-buttons in picking up his yearly stipend, which was extremely attenuated, he had a well-developed foot, and when he put it down the town trembled. So did the church.

Every night when Rev. Asa had finished his sixteenthly and was picking his way homeward he would hear strange noises under the trees and by the wayside, and he soon became aware of the fact that the same old gum games that had been enacted in the church were spreading among the surrounding atmosphere.

He could feel ladies of more or less certain age chasing young fellows over the fences and through the pasture lots, and the elderly maidens in every instance had their mouths puckered up as if they were determined to get there or burst a corset string. His congregation began to deplete. Most of the young fellows had begun to swear off from going to church, and scooted for the woods and roosted high when they saw a spinster approach. They were always on deck,



YUM! YUM!

however, when the pretty, buxom, enticing girls had a party, and whenever this occurred everybody in town imagined that the Fourth of July had changed with the climate, and that the boys and girls were firing off fire-crackers and torpedoes.

Even when the parson dropped in to have a cup of tea, the young villains and villainesses were not deterred, and they played "I stand in the well," "Forfeits," and "Chewey, chewey, who's got the gum?" just the same as if the parson was in his own cellar splitting wood.

And so the parson, determining that the crisis which was to have arrived had arrived, put down his foot. Then the young girls, and girls more or less young, kicked—and war to the knife was declared.

Parson Dyer had noticed that the collections had been gradually diminishing, and fearing that, if this state of things continued, the heathen would go broke, he



SCAT!

put down the other foot. Then more trouble was wafted into the camp.

The choir sang through their noses jest for spite, and upon making a tour of the church the parson discovered a large array of empty rum bottles, which reckless young men had left in pews. The voice of the parson was often drowned in the aggravating noises of breaking brittle candy. Powder was burned at the very door of the church, smoke was blown through the apertures during service, and hundreds of such petty tricks were played by the graceless scamps who had taken umbrage at the minister's



AN HONEST CONSTABLE.

course in checking promiscuous embracing and kissing. Then the church society dispatched a messenger to Taunton for a deputy sheriff to attend to the matter, and he drove one young man out of town. The society afterward refused to pay for two days' services, and

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the minister offered the deputy sheriff \$5 for his labor, which he refused, saying that a society mean enough to refuse to pay him for his services, when ordered by it, would pay the minister too small a salary for him to lose any of it.

The war continues, but the boys and girls play "chewey, chewey" just as hard.

OUR CHAMPION AGENT.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

We take pleasure this week in introducing to our many readers the portrait of George Dufrane, the POLICE GAZETTE champion agent. As will be seen, Mr. Dufrane, like our friend "Mc Ginty," is dressed in his new suit of clothes—the POLICE GAZETTE uniform. Mr. Dufrane is known the world over as a long distance walker. He was born in Troy, N. Y., in the year 1850. His first race was from Jefferson Market, this city, to the Getty House, Yonkers, and back, which he did in five and a half hours. He then entered a seventy-hour race at Boston. At the end of the race he had covered 318 miles. We next hear of him at Amsterdam, N. Y., in a seventy-five-hour race. He came in first with 300 miles to his credit. At Madison Square Garden, in a six-day race, he covered 510 miles. He has taken part in more than thirty races, and is a prime favorite among the fancy.

A FAMED PUGILIST.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

In our collection of sporting portraits this week will be found that of Felix Vauquelin, of New Orleans, where he was born 23 years ago. At an early age he evinced love for the manly art, and his many successes against all comers caused some of his admirers to make a match with Pat Allen, an English unknown, whom Felix found but very little trouble in knocking out. He next met Curry, of New Orleans, whom he did up in four rounds. He then met the heavy-weight Bozetto, of Mississippi, whom he vanquished in one round. Flush with victory he openly declared himself as willing to meet anyone at his weight, which def was promptly taken by Lem McGregor. The battle was fought at West End on the 30th of November last, and again victory smiled on Vauquelin after fighting 11 rounds. Vauquelin is booked to meet Jake Kilrain on February 2.

RATS IN HIS GARRET.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The chorus and ballet girls of the "Kajanka" company, while playing at the Brooklyn Academy of Music recently, had the honor of meeting "Professor" Denton, "America's Spiritual Adviser." The professor is a local celebrity with rats in his garret, or, in other words, with some "buttons" missing. Tom Murphy, a Brooklyn billposter, induced Denton to deliver a lecture to the girls. When the professor arrived at the theatre the girls were rehearsing. As he stepped upon the stage he was immediately taken in hand by the girls. He was dragged around the stage, made to do stunts, make speeches and numerous other things that only a ballet girl can think of. The stage manager finally put a stop to the fun by handing Denton over to the police. Justice Walsh released him when he learned it was all a joke.

WHO WILL ACCOMMODATE HIM?

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Frank Cox, better known as "Scotty," the feather-weight champion pugilist of Australia, whose portrait appears elsewhere, was born at Glasgow, Scotland, in April, 1863, of Irish parents. He stands 5 feet 2½ inches in height and weighs 132 pounds—trained, about 116 pounds. Cox has fought many battles in Australia, and upon his arrival in Buffalo, N. Y., fought Tommy Barnes of England, Jan. 7, 1890, for a purse of \$500, according to "Police Gazette" rules. Barnes was declared the winner by a foul, after eight rounds had been fought in 33 minutes. Cox is now in New York, and wants to meet any man in America at 116 pounds for a purse, any rules.

THEY HELD UP THE TRAIN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The south-bound passenger train on the Central Pacific road was stopped recently by two masked men about seven miles north of Tulare, Cal. The robbers climbed over the tender to the engine and compelled the engineer to stop the train. They then forced the engineer and fireman to go with them and ordered the express man to open the door. The amount taken is not known, but it is said to be about \$25,000. The robbers made the engineer and fireman accompany them some distance from the train. A tramp stealing a ride was mistaken for a trainman and the robbers shot him in the head. He may recover.

MIMICKED THE HOG KILLING.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Near Abbeville, Henry county, Ala., there was a hog killing on the farm of Charles Martin recently. Mr. Martin's three little boys were interested spectators to the killing. Their ages ranged from four to ten years. While all the men were in the house the two older children decided that it would be a good joke to dip their younger brother into the tub of boiling water, as they had seen the men dip the hogs. They plunged the child into the scalding water up to his neck. Before they could get him out he was fatally scalded, and died a few minutes later.

ELOPED WITH HIS NIECE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Elsewhere will be found the portrait of I. L. Baker, a Kansas farmer, aged sixty-three years, who recently eloped with his sixteen-year-old niece, Miss Minnie Reed, the charming daughter of Washington Reed, one of Traugh Creek, Huntington county, Pa.'s, most prosperous and influential farmers. The elopement has created considerable excitement in the Traugh Creek settlement. Miss Reed wrote a letter to her sister saying she was happy and was going with her husband to his Western home, Media, Kan.

A NOVEL FIGHT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A novel battle was fought on the outskirts of Scranton, Pa., recently by a Scotchman and an Englishman. They had got into a dispute, and it was agreed that they should settle the affair by giving one another a single fist punch in the centre of the forehead. The one who failed to fall was to be declared the better man, but if neither went down on the first trial they were to try it again, and if each stood up at the end of the second bout the match was to be called a draw.

The Englishman won the first hit. Then the word was given, and the Englishman struck out with his left and hit the Scotchman squarely in the middle of the forehead. He staggered back for ten or twelve feet, but he didn't lose his balance, although he came very near it. Then the Englishman toed the line, and the big Scotchman doubled up his right fist and knocked the Englishman flat. He fell as though he had been hit with an axe, and for several minutes he didn't move a muscle. In 11 minutes he was able to stand up.

SCANDAL IN A MADHOUSE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The little god whose picture usually depicts him dressed in a broad smile and a bow and arrow has been creating considerable trouble in the asylum at Columbus, O. Recently James Gill, an attendant at the asylum, eloped with pretty Miss Hattie Green, a patient from Bucyrus, O. Gill left a wife, who has applied for a divorce. While Gill and Miss Green were billing and cooing in the upper portion of the asylum, Oscar Daniels, the son of O. G. Daniels, a wealthy citizen of Mount Vernon, O., was down in the kitchen wooing Miss May Langley, superintendent of the kitchen. A few nights ago Superintendent McMillen and Supervisor Madigan forced open the door of Miss Langley's room and found young Daniels and her there together. Miss Langley received her walking papers.

THEY WANT "JO INNIE" SCALP.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

"Eddy" Sands, a well-known young dude-about-town, who is better known by the Gaiety girls as a "Johnny," has lost his favor with the frisky damsels. He recently invited ten of the girls to a champagne supper to take place at the Gedney House, this city. He said he would also invite nine of his brother "Johnnies" to accompany him. One of the girls insisted that her father be invited. This was agreed to. When the night of the supper arrived the only man who came was the young woman's father, who did the best he could and treated to beer. It is said that young Sands' ma would not put up the cash with which to pay for the supper.

IT ENDED IN A FREE FIGHT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Four hundred Denver, Col., sports took a special train recently and went outside of Arapahoe county to witness a fight between Ed Smith of Denver and Kessler of Montana. The men were evenly matched. At the beginning of the seventh round the friends of the principals began to quarrel. The ropes were broken down, and the fight became general, everybody hammering right and left. The fight ended in a general all-round slugging match, while the pugilists were rushed into the cars and locked up.

WHERE IS THOMAS PALMER?

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Sheriff Lewis Gowan, of Lawrence county, Ill., has offered a reward of \$200 for the arrest of Thomas Palmer, who is alleged to have murdered Constable Geo. Bopp, near Sumner, Lawrence county, Ill., on the night of December 26, 1889. Palmer is five feet six inches tall, weighs 140 pounds; age, 22 years; dark hair, small dark mustache, gray eyes and wears a No. 7 hat. Those wishing to earn the reward should study his portrait, which will be found on another page.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCKS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Pretty Miss Lizzie Savidge of Darby, Pa., is greatly grieved at the loss of her beautiful tresses. A few days ago Mrs. Savidge returned to her home to find Lizzie lying on the floor unconscious, with her hair, which was the envy of the other girls of the village, cut off close to her head. She had been chloroformed. It is thought the deed was committed by a jealous rival.

A CHARMING SOUBRETTE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

On another page will be found the smiling face of Carrie Maynard. Mrs. Maynard is fast gaining laurels and friends as a soubrette, character change artist and walker. She has won two six-day walking matches, beating in the last one the champion female walker of the world, Miss Bertha Von-Berg. Carrie is the wife of Harry Maynard, the well-known musical king of the Pacific Slope.

SERIOUS RUNAWAY ACCIDENT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A serious runaway accident occurred at Rahway recently in which three persons were injured. Richard Hurley, with Winslow, Lanier & Co., brokers, of this city, was thrown from his carriage and hurt, his horse was killed, and Miss F. Wilnot escaped with an injured back. Frank Coventry was thrown from his carriage, and both carriages were demolished by the collision.

SHE YELLED FOR KEEPS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Miss Mary Ann Reilly, the sixteen-year-old daughter of Patrick Reilly, a livery stable keeper of Jamaica, L. I., was awakened recently by the noise of footsteps in her room. By the dim light in the room she discovered the figure of a man gliding about. Miss Reilly buried her head under the bed quilts and screamed. The intruder fled.

A CHAMPION ENGLISH "JOCK."

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The portrait of "Sammy" Loates, of the famous Loates Brothers, will be found on another page. Loates is the champion English jockey of '89, having won the most mounts throughout the Kingdom. He has hosts of friends and is very popular on the English turf.

JIMMY HAS SKIPPED.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

James E. Kent, assistant cashier of the Cairo, Ill., office of the C., C. & St. Louis railroad system, has left for parts unknown with about \$1,436.90 of the company's money. The embezzling has been going on for some time past. His portrait appears elsewhere.

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A JOLLY MINSTREL.

A Story of Largely Misplaced Affections.

A KANSAS CITY ROMANCE

That Started in Peoria, Ill., and Went West.

A VERY SPICY AND JUICY STORY.

Nearly everybody in the country knows James, otherwise "Jimmy" Hennessey. Jimmy has gained fame as the leader of the Cleveland Minstrel Troupe; he has had many ups and downs in life, and he has upped and downed them all. He came very near being downed, however, a week or so ago, and the sports of St. Joe and Kansas City are wondering how in thunder he pulled himself together and brought his life home with him. Jimmy has a heart as large as his foot, and is so



ROOM NO. 3.

handsome that corsets bulge when he is around the neighborhood.

Some of the wild Western papers are telling strange stories about Jimmy, and if they are true they maintain James' reputation as a violator of susceptibilities. Right around the corner from Police Headquarters, in Kansas City, where Mayor J. J. Davenport and his friendly face and big, good-natured fellowship used to reside; right around the corner from Police Headquarters, where Chief of Police Thomas M. Speers and Secretary Sprague Taylor have their being; right around where Al Patek, and Fred Fox, and Captain Branham, and Sergeant Schrumpt, and innumerable other good fellows, including my fat German friend, Hugo Becker; right where Charlie Byrne, the dapper manager of the Brooklyn Baseball club, and Char-



THE CLERK ASTONISHED.

ley Ebbits monkeyed with the writer of these few stanzas; right where—but, stay!—is a hotel. The writer started out to tell a story, and he is going to do it.

The wild Western papers tell this story about James. To quote from a poet, whose birthmark the writer has forgotten:

"I know not how the truth may be,
I tell it as 'twas told to me."

James Hennessey, the leader of the band and orchestra of the Cleveland minstrels, did not tell his friends in St. Joseph when there, but he had a narrow escape from a violent death in Kansas City, at the hands of an outraged husband. It appears that his manly beauty as he headed that glittering pageant proved too much for the constancy of a young married lady in Peoria, Ill. After the company left that city she stood the separation as long as her woman's heart could bear up under such a burden, and then deserted home and husband to join the new idol. She reached Kansas City, and was soon in room No. 3 of the Windsor, the register bearing this significant legend, "James Hennessey and wife."

Early the next morning a middle-aged, well-dressed and fine-appearing gentleman entered the office of the St. James Hotel, and in an agitated manner asked Clerk Traber.

"Does it make any difference whether I register under my right name or not?"

On being assured that it made not the slightest difference in the world the excited gentleman wrote upon the register in a hand that was most palpably disguised, "T. O. Davidson, New York."

Immediately after this rechristening Mr. Davidson made inquiry for the Chief of Police, and, being di-

rected, started off with a decidedly bloodthirsty air. When the Chief had heard his story, he detailed an officer to assist him, and the search for the wayward wife began. Fearing that the impetuosity of the husband might interfere in the work he had in hand, the officer sent him to his hotel and took up the trail alone. By the help of a member of the company he soon located the guilty pair, and by six o'clock Mr. Davidson was promised an interview with the despoiler of



THE CHIEF GETS IT.

his happiness. Before this meeting was allowed to take place, however, the bloodthirsty husband was deprived of his revolver for fear he might forget the promises he had made of maintaining the peace, and the precaution proved a wise one. When Davidson first saw Hennessey he exclaimed: "I came here to hang and I will hang," and was with difficulty restrained from making an attack upon the fascinating cornetist. The two rivals waged a bitter war of words for over an hour and until Manager Thomas grew weary of their wrangling and gave both due notice that if any blood was to be shed they must go into the street, as he did not propose to have his house mused up in that way. A compromise was finally reached by Hennessey promising to give up all claims to the lady if Davidson would agree to take her back, and the two separated most excellent friends, considering what had passed between them. A young man belonging to the min-



HOLD THE OTHER MAN.

strel company was sent over to inform the lady of the transfer that had been made, and she obediently packed her belongings and went to her husband's room in the St. James. The reunited pair left Monday morning, apparently on the best of terms with each other, ostensibly for New York, though the officers are confident they were going home.

Mrs. Davidson was described as an exceedingly attractive young woman, small but plump of form and dark in complexion, with manners that won on all she met.

Davidson admitted to the detective that his home was in Peoria, Ill., and that he was a railroad conductor, but further than that he managed to keep his identity completely obscured. His bearing and talk were those of a gentleman, but his infatuation for his pretty young wife was evidently the ruling passion of his life and was the cause of their reconciliation under



RECONCILIATION.

what would have been to most men embarrassing conditions.

There are several names in connection with this alleged scandal that should be counted when the next census is taken.

THE PREACHER ON HIS MUSCLE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The Rev. Dr. Porteus of Oakland, Cal., discovered recently that four tramps had broken into the little depot of the Missouri Pacific at Oakland, had built a fire and slept there during the night. When the pastor arrived at the depot the tramps were sleeping soundly. The Doctor aroused the sleeping beauties and ordered

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them out. The tourists objected to being awakened so early, and started to "do up" the preacher. In a few minutes four tramps, looking as though they might have been through a threshing machine, were seen flying up the railroad track at a 2:40 gait. The minister had vanquished the four single-handed.

THE GLOBE TROTTERS.

[WITH PORTRAITS.]

This week we present to our readers the portrait of Miss "Nellie Bly," who has succeeded in girdling the earth in behalf of the New York World. Miss Bly's object was to lower "Phyllis Fogg's" famous record of eighty days. If such a thing were possible, Miss Nellie was the one to do it, and she got there. "Nellie Bly" is a *nom de plume*. The young lady's real name is Pink Elizabeth Cochrane. She has been in the newspaper business about four years, and is a Pittsburgh, Pa., girl. She did her first newspaper work on the Pittsburgh Dispatch. Since coming to New York she has been connected with the World. Nellie is credited with being the possessor of an extremely bright set of brains, and it rather looks that way.

Nellie's rival in the globe-trotting act is Miss Elizabeth Bisland, whose portrait also appears in this issue. Miss Elizabeth represents the Cosmopolitan Magazine in her round-the-world expedition, and comes of an old Louisiana family, and is a woman of cultivation and great energy of character. She made her way by sheer self-assertion, and energy and dash assured her success in her tour around the world. A mishap delayed her in England, and that is why she did not arrive sooner.

A GREAT WRESTLING TOURNAMENT.

An international wrestling tournament will be held in this city during the third week in February. The conditions will be best two in three falls, catch-as-catch-can, for the "Police Gazette" trophy and the championship and fifty per cent. of the gate money—twenty-five per cent. to the winner, fifteen per cent. to the second, and ten per cent. to the third. The entrance fee will be \$25 and will be added to the gate money the winning contestants are to receive. The entries are to be made at the POLICE GAZETTE office and will close on Monday, February 10. Richard K. Fox will appoint the referee. The winner of the "Police Gazette" trophy will have to accept all challenges and win the trophy three times before it becomes his personal property.

The following well-known wrestlers have announced that they will compete: Sebastian Miller, the Strong Man of Germany; Hugh Leonard, of Buffalo, N. Y.; Jack Carkeek, the champion Cornish wrestler; Drago, the Australian Hercules; Ajax, the Man of Iron; Greek George, of Peoria, Ill.; Ernest Roeder, the champion of New York; J. W. Kennedy, of Quincy, Ill.; Milo, the Greek champion; August Schmidt, the well-known German wrestler, and others.

VICTIMS OF A FEUD.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

R. M. Long, a Guyandotte county, Ky., constable, was found recently in his bed murdered, and his wife desperately wounded. A band of the McCoy faction had entered their house and riddled Long's body with bullets, while his wife received a ghastly wound in the face from which she will die. Long was a member of the Hatfield family.

BECAUSE THEY COULDN'T FLIRT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A score or more of girls employed at the Housatonic Brass Company's factory in Birmingham, Conn., recently went on a strike because the foreman, W. W. Holmes, had the windows painted to keep the girls from flirting with men on the street. The strikers say the foreman must go.

DID HE MEAN IT?

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Lorenzo D. Rice, a prominent citizen of Troy, N. Y., recently committed suicide at the American House by turning on the gas. He left two letters, one to his wife and one to his brother, George S. Rice. In the letter to his brother he accused him of being too intimate with his wife.

EARL WHEELER'S GOOD LUCK.

Ticket No. 98,455 drew the capital prize of \$600,000 in the December drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery. One-fortieth of this ticket was held by Earl Wheeler, who lives at No. 69 Grove street in this city. Mr. Wheeler therefore was entitled to receive \$15,000. A Democrat reporter to-day called at the home of the fortunate man. At first he refused to say anything about the matter. By the use of a little strategy, however, the reporter succeeded in getting from him an admission of the facts as follows:

"Yes, I held one-fortieth of the winning ticket, and was entitled to \$15,000. I was first made aware of it on receipt of the official notice of the winners sent out by the company. I have had altogether five tickets in the lottery, paying out \$5 all told. I will not say anything more on the matter, other than that I held the ticket absolutely and no one was entitled to a division of the prize, as has been reported."

Upon further inquiry the reporter learned that Mr. Wheeler placed the ticket in the hands of Banker J. Vedder Morris for collection, and Agent B. F. Oliver, of the American Express Company, paid Mr. Morris the amount, less \$101.55 express charges, on the 10th instant. Mr. Morris deposited the amount in the Farmers' National Bank in his own name at the request of Mr. Wheeler. The latter dislikes notoriety, hence this roundabout proceeding. That the amount has been received and that the Louisiana State Lottery Company fulfilled its obligations Mr. Morris verifies, and his word cannot be questioned.

Mr. Wheeler is 23 years of age and lives with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jerus Wheeler. He is employed in Inman's box shop, but has not been working of late, the shop having shut down. He is a young man of exemplary habits and of a naturally retiring disposition.—*Amsterdam (N. Y.) Democrat*, January 17.

Admirers of Henry E. Searle, the late champion oarsman of the world, in England are engaged in obtaining the signatures of leading aquatic patrons, press representatives and amateur and professional oarsmen, to be appended to a work of art on vellum, for ultimate despatch to Australia, and presentation to Searle's parents, as a token of sympathy from Englishmen.

JACKSON IN NEW YORK.

The Colored Champion Greeted by a Host of Friends.

SMITH'S CONQUEROR INTERVIEWED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Peter Jackson, the colored heavy-weight champion of New South Wales and the Pacific Slope, returned from his victorious tour in England on the White Star steamer Adriatic on Monday morning, Jan. 27.

Jackson was accompanied by Fitzpatrick, "the Australian Comet," and W. W. McNaughton, of Australia, who both left New York with Jackson, Jack Fallon and Chas. E. Davies, the manager of the great pugilist, last summer. It had not been announced the exact time the White Star ocean greyhound would arrive with the distinguished prize ring hero, or there would have been thousands at the steamer's dock to welcome him. Nevertheless, a great crowd of sporting men were on hand to give the conqueror of England's champion a royal welcome. Long before the steamer was due at the dock carriage after carriage rolled up, in front of West Tenth street dock filled with sporting men, who were eager to congratulate Jackson on his great success in England.

Among those present were: P. J. Sharkey of the Americus House, a warm admirer of pugilists; Rod McMahon, Bob Smith, Frank Stevenson, Jack Fallon of Brooklyn, John Kelly, the champion baseball umpire; Dominick Leonard, Matty Corbett, E. F. Mallahan, Harry Walcott and Wm. E. Harding, sporting editor of the POLICE GAZETTE.

Many had been waiting for hours merely to catch a glimpse of the only pugilist that ever went to England to meet a champion of that country and was victorious, or, at least, received the decision of the referee in his favor. Of course it is prize ring history that Yankee Sullivan left this country in 1840 to fight Homer Lane, but the latter was not champion, and Charley Freeman, the American Giant, also went from this country and defeated Bill Perry, the Tipton Slaughter, but it was not a championship contest, nor was there any interest at that time manifested over the result.

Heenan went over to fight Tom Sayers in 1860, and the best he received was a draw. Kilrain went over in 1887 to fight Jim Smith for the "Police Gazette" champion belt, \$10,000 and the championship of the world and did not win; but Peter Jackson did accomplish what no pugilist ever did that left these shores—beat the genuine champion of England in his own stronghold and won in a gallop, the battle not lasting five minutes.

While the Adriatic was being docked the tall form of Jackson, surrounded by a number of passengers, could be discerned on the deck, and when the majority of the crowd discovered him there were shouts of "Welcome, Peter," "You fixed Jim Smith," "Bully boy, Jackson," etc.

Charles E. Davies, better known as "the Parson," to whom Jackson in a great measure owes his success in England, had been early at the dock with many sporting men of New York and Brooklyn, and Davies was also one of the attractions, and was followed to and fro by a large crowd of the curious.

After the steamer had been docked Jackson's admirers quickly boarded the Adriatic, and he was introduced to many friends by Chas. E. Davies. Jackson was dressed in the height of fashion, and he said he "was pleased to get back to the United States." Few persons who saw Jackson and did not know he was a pugilist would ever dream that he was the man that had beaten George Godfrey, Joe McAuliffe, the Frisco Giant, and crowned his athletic career by defeating Jim Smith, the champion of England.

The POLICE GAZETTE representative informed Jackson that he had been sent specially by Richard K. Fox to invite him to the POLICE GAZETTE office and that the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE had sent him his regards.

Jackson said: "I am going to call on Mr. Fox. He was at my battle with Jim Smith in the Pelican Club, and I think he was as pleased as Mr. Charles E. Davies that I won."

In reference to his trip Jackson said he had a stormy passage and that he had been seasick, and when he was informed that his proposed match with John L. Sullivan had fell through, Sullivan refusing to fight for a \$15,000 purse, Jackson was greatly disappointed and said:

"I am sorry that Mr. Sullivan and myself are not going to meet in the ring. I do not say that I can defeat Mr. Sullivan, but if the California Athletic Club had offered inducements to Mr. Sullivan to meet me I should certainly have been ready at the time appointed."

In regard to what Jackson proposes to do he said that Chas. E. Davies would arrange a programme, and that he should carry it out in every detail, for he had full confidence in Charley Davies as a manager and believed him the best adviser in business matters and a successful one.

After Jackson left the dock carriages were engaged, and Jackson, with Chas. E. Davies and the POLICE GAZETTE representative, etc., breakfasted, and then, accompanied by Charles E. Davies and a few friends, visited the POLICE GAZETTE office.

Long before Jackson arrived at the POLICE GAZETTE building a large crowd of sporting men were on hand to receive him, and Franklin Square presented a lively appearance, and when Jackson arrived he was loudly cheered. Jackson was entertained in the POLICE GAZETTE office by Richard K. Fox. He examined the "Police Gazette" champion 1000-pound dumbbell and the two big pictures of John L. Sullivan, and bumpers of wine were drank. Large delegations came to see Jackson.

There is one thing that must be said in Jackson's favor. He is gentlemanly and modest in his demeanor and he does not boast of his prowess. He can mingle in the best of society, and he is a pride to his profession. He believes thoroughly in Australia's motto—"Advance."

He appeared at Hyde and Behman's theatre, Brooklyn, Monday night, and received a tremendous reception, the theatre being packed.

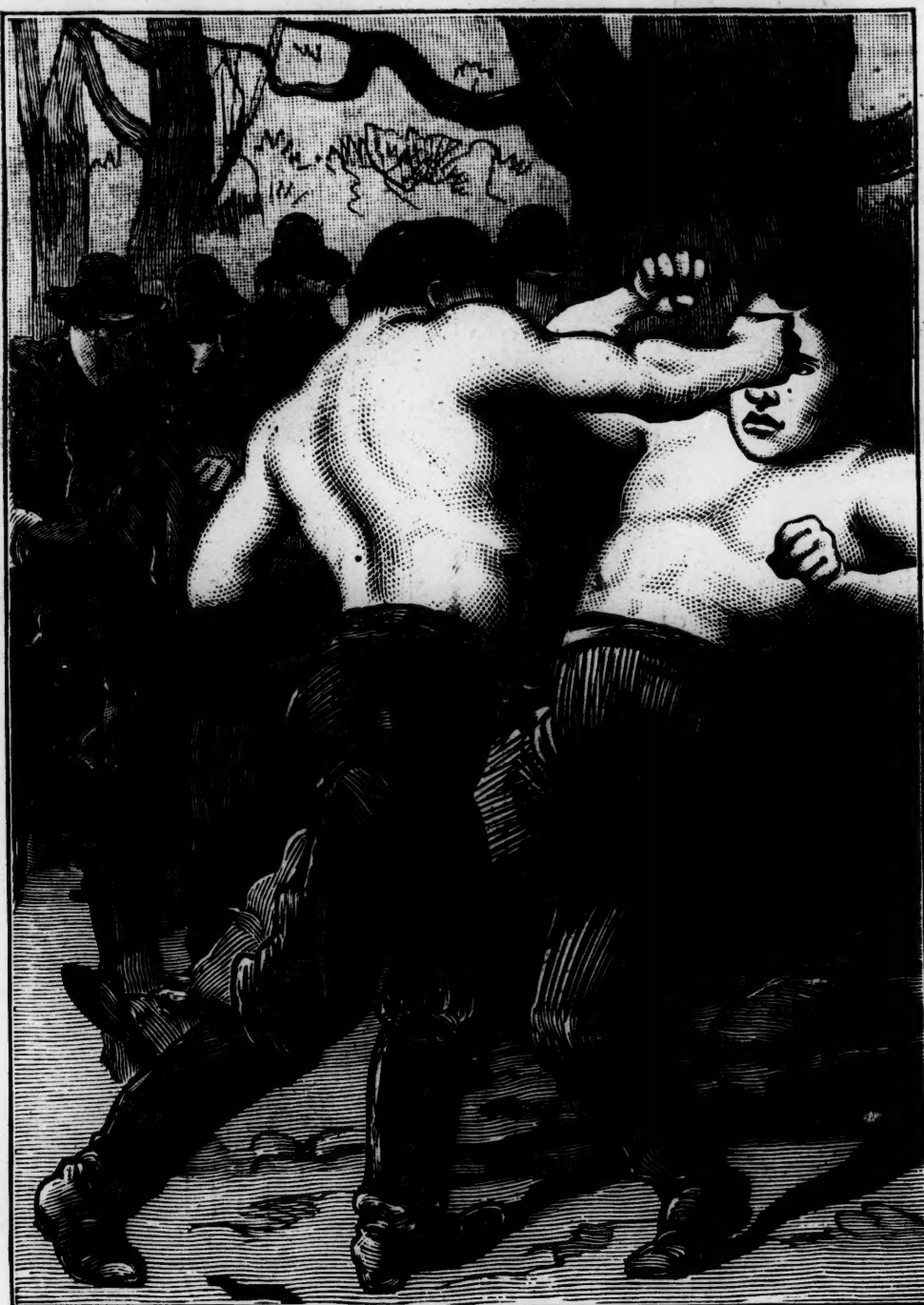
Jackson requested Richard K. Fox, through the POLICE GAZETTE, to return his thanks to the many sporting men in England and Ireland for the many acts of courtesy and kindness he had received in Great Britain.

BOXING AND HOW TO TRAIN. Fully Illustrated. Now ready. Price, 25 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York City.



SCANDAL IN A MADHOUSE.

THE PATIENTS AND EMPLOYEES IN THE COLUMBUS, O., LUNATIC ASYLUM LOVE EACH OTHER INDISCRIMINATELY AND CAUSE TROUBLE.



A NOVEL FIGHT.

TWO BRAWNY SCRANTON, PA., MINERS BIFF EACH OTHER ON THE FOREHEAD AS AN EVIDENCE OF ALLEGED SCIENCE, AND GET THERE.



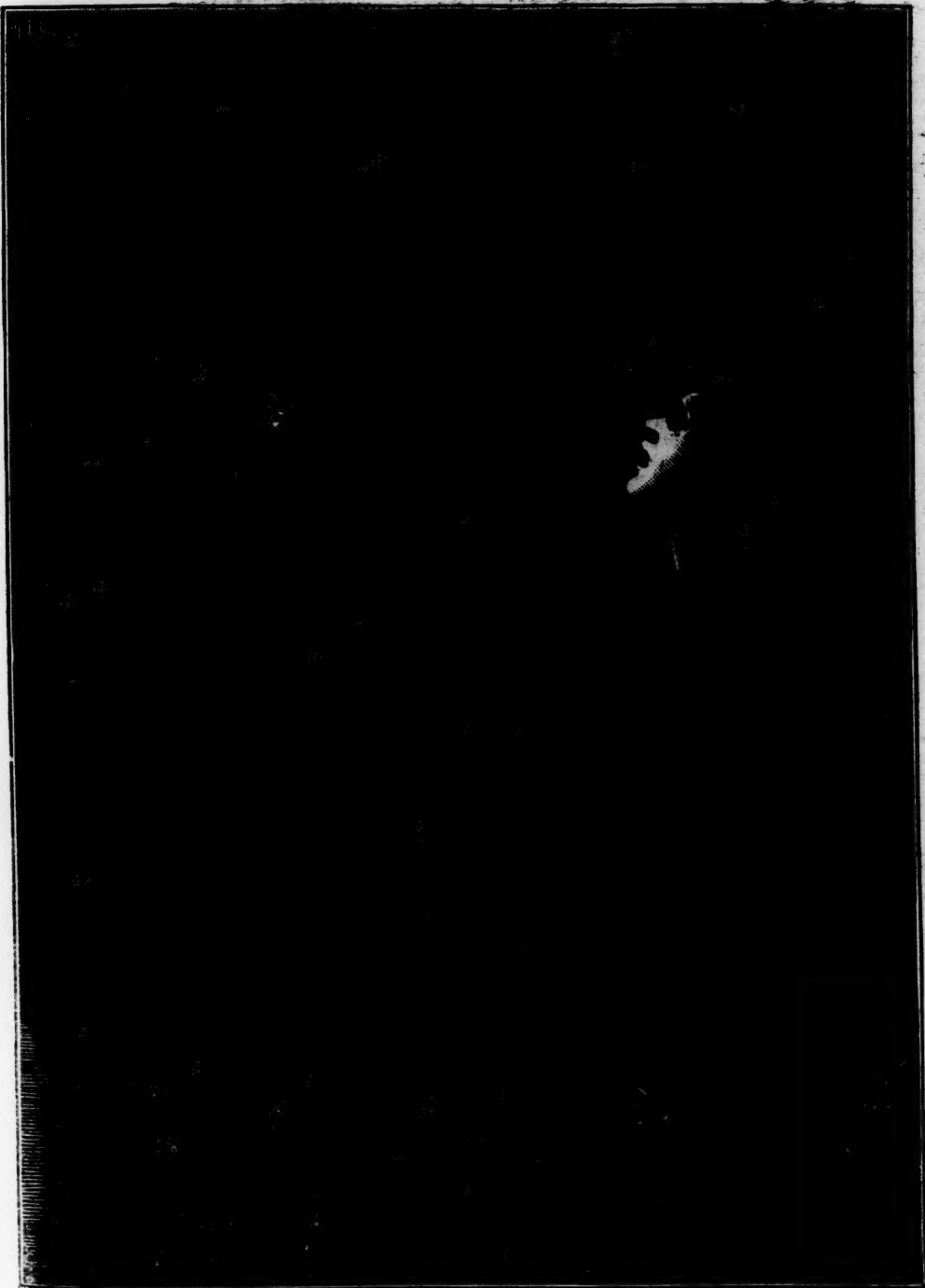
FIVE THOUSAND PEOPLE ASTONISHED.

A PRETTY GIRL ATTEMPTS SUICIDE WHILE GOING TO THE GRAVE OF A DEAR SISTER, IN ELIZABETH, N. J.



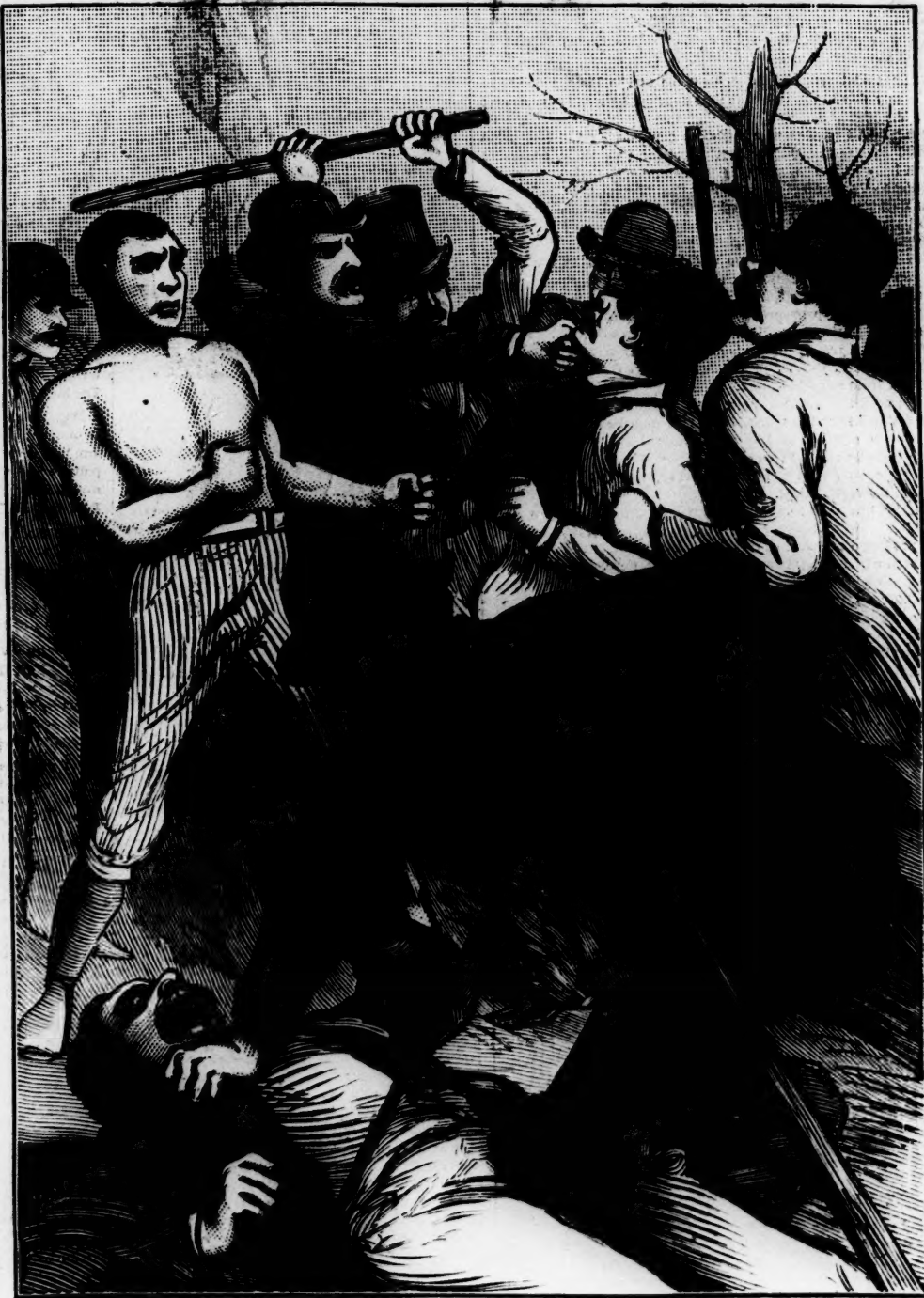
RATS IN HIS GARRET.

"KAJANKA" GIRLS DO STUNTS WITH A LOCAL CRANK DURING REHEARSAL IN THE BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC.



SHE YELLED FOR KEEPS.

PRETTY MARY ANN REILLY, OF JAMAICA, L. I., GETS UNDER THE BEDCLOTHES AND HOWLS A BURGLAR CLEAN INTO THE GLOAMING.



IT ENDED IN A FREE FIGHT.

DENVER, COL., SPORTS TERMINATE A PRIZE FIGHT BETWEEN TWO CELEBRATED FUGITIVES IN AN EXCEEDINGLY LIVELY MANNER.

WHO WILL LIFT IT?

The Thousand-Pound "Police Gazette" Dumbbell has Arrived.

A GENEROUS OFFER.

"Who is the strongest man in the world?" is now a question which is asked every day in all parts of the world, and who that individual is at present is an open question. During the past two decades there have been many rivals of Hercules and Samson, and many of them, while they have not carried away the gates of Gaza, have accomplished wonderful feats of strength. In order to promote competition and give the galaxy of strong men and giants of strength an opportunity to compete in honorable rivalry, a valuable trophy will be given to any of the many giants of strength who can lift fairly and without assistance or artificial means the "Police Gazette" champion dumbbell, which weighs 1,000 pounds.

The massive iron has handles firmly attached, it is not cumbersome or unwieldy, and it only requires strength to raise it from the platform upon which it rests.

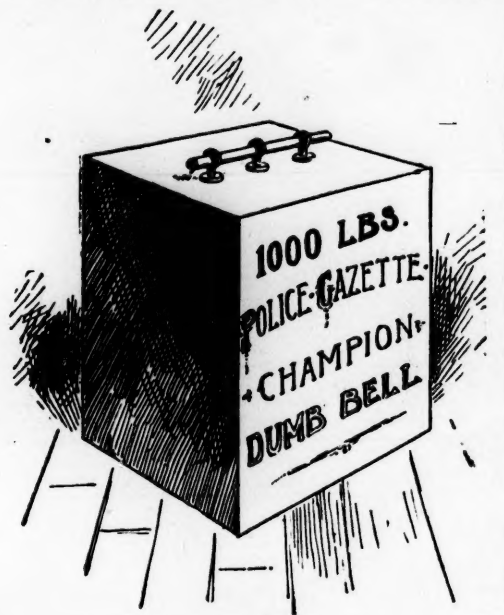
All the giants of strength are invited to visit the POLICE GAZETTE office and test their strength in trying to lift the largest and heaviest dumbbell in the world.

The trophy that will be offered will be made of gold and will be valued at \$500, and the winner will be the champion dumbbell lifter of the world. All contestants who desire to contend for the prize must abide by the following rules:

RULE 1.—The competition is open to any man in the world, professional or non-professional.

RULE 2.—Competitors can use both hands, and the dumbbell must be lifted fairly from the ground.

RULE 3.—There will be no restrictions as to the number of trials, nor any limit to the number of times the competitor



THE BIG BELL.

shall make an effort to lift the "Police Gazette" champion dumbbell.

RULE 4.—All trials must take place at the POLICE GAZETTE office any day in the week, except Sunday, between 9 A. M. and 5 P. M.

RULE 5.—All parties who desire to compete for the \$500 prize offered by the POLICE GAZETTE must send in their names 12 hours before the time they intend to make the trial.

RULE 6.—The competitor who lifts the "Police Gazette" champion dumbbell will be awarded a medal valued at \$500, and will also be presented with the dumbbell and title of champion dumbbell lifter of the world.

RULE 7.—Judges and referee will be selected from the sporting reporters of the New York city newspapers.

Among the many athletes who intend to compete for the POLICE GAZETTE prize are: Chas. Breed, of Lynn, Mass.; David L. Dowd, of Springfield, Mass.; Captain James C. Daly, of New York; Louis Cyr, of Montreal, Canada; George McPherson, of Michigan; Chas. Currie, of Toronto; Dennis Gallagher, of Buffalo, and innumerable others.

It required the services of six men with crowbars to remove the dumbbell from the truck, but yet it can be lifted. Several well-known athletes and sporting men have endeavored to budge it, but have not succeeded. The man who can lift it will be amply rewarded in honor of the event, and will gain a name that will be world-famed.

America has had some famous strong men who, years ago, made heavy weight-lifting a feature of athletics, and trained and practiced to excel at this branch of sport. The lifting was done both with artificial means and without. Several of the giants of strength used harness, while others used merely their hands. Wm. B. Curtis, the athletic editor of the *Spirit of the Times*, at one time was able to compete with success against any strong man in the world. In New York city in 1868 Curtis lifted 3,239 pounds with harness. This performance has never been beaten, although athletes in all parts of the world have used harness

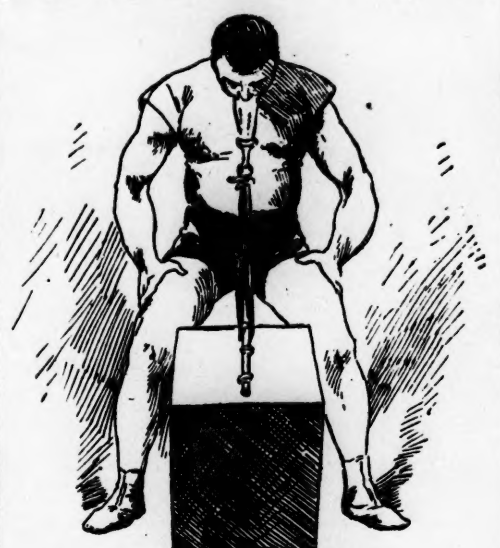


UNLOADING THE BELL AT THE POLICE GAZETTE.

and tried to equal the wonderful feat. Curtis has also lifted 1,200 pounds, hand lift, without artificial means, and this feat has never been either equalled or beaten. R. A. Pennell, the first strong man in America to put up a 201½-pound dumbbell with one hand, which feat he accomplished in Wood's gymnasium, New York, Jan. 31, 1874, came nearer to equalling Curtis' great hand lift of 1,230 pounds than any other of the modern Samsons, up to 1873. Pennell, on Nov. 8, 1873, lifted with his hands 1,210 pounds at the Academy of Music, New York city, but his feat was just 20 pounds behind the wonderful lift accomplished by Curtis. Dr. George W. Winslow of Boston, Mass., another giant of strength, lifted 1,300 pounds with his hands and he also lifted

3,600 pounds in harness. John M. Cannon of Cincinnati, a muscular specimen of humanity, eclipsed Curtis' famous hand-lift and created quite a sensation. Cannon beat Curtis' feat by 20 pounds, lifting 1,250 pounds with his hands and without artificial means, at Cincinnati, O., Jan. 18, 1875.

Ambrose A. Butts, of Auburn, N. Y., was another man of wonderful strength, and he is accredited with having lifted with harness 2,737½ pounds. Butts possessed wonderful strength, but was never the equal of either Cannon or Curtis. John J. Lucas, of Belleville, Ill., was looked upon at one time as the champion strong man of Illinois. Lucas did accomplish many



DOING THE TIGHT ACT.

great feats at lifting and he has a record of lifting with harness 2,700 pounds at Belleville, Ill., Oct. 26, 1875. Henry E. Bourmeyer, the famous amateur athlete of the New York Athletic Club, who has figured as a general all-round athlete, being in his day a fast sprinter and a champion boxer, is also a giant in strength. Bourmeyer has lifted 2,200 pounds in harness and 1,150 pounds with his hands alone. George Thompson, of New York, is also credited with lifting 2,200 pounds with harness. On March 22, 1880, Henry Lensing, of Cincinnati, jumped up as a giant of strength, and he accomplished numerous feats at lifting, and on the above date lifted 1,351 pounds, and his performance created quite a flutter in athletic circles, for it beat all previous performances, beating Wm. B. Curtis' 1,250-pound and Cannon's 1,250-pound performances.

Another of the American giants of strength was Charles O. Breed, of Lynn, Mass. He was a phenomenon, and accomplished numerous feats of lifting heavy-weights, dumbbells, etc. One unprecedented feat that Breed accomplished was the lifting of a barrel of flour from the ground, with one hand only, 875 times in ten minutes. The barrel of flour weighed 220 pounds with the fixings, and he only used his right hand. Breed accomplished this feat at Lynn, Mass., April 14, 1878. On December 19, 1883, Breed put up a dumbbell weighing 2 pounds 6,000 times in one hour, and on January 20, 1884, he put up a 150-pound dumbbell six times in succession, from shoulder to arms' length above the shoulder, which is a wonderful feat. Another of Breed's wonderful feats of strength was accomplished at Lynn, Mass., in 1884, when he lifted a barrel of flour weighing with fixings 218 pounds 180 times in one hour, making a total weight lifted of 40,548. Breed's most wonderful feat of lifting was accomplished at Lynn, Mass., on December 13, 1884, when he lifted a barrel of flour from the ground (with one hand), weighing with fixings 219½ pounds, 240 times in one minute, total weight lifted, 52,680 pounds. This performance stamped Breed as a physical wonder.

David L. Dowd, of Springfield, Mass., was another strong man who gained great fame by his wonderful feats of strength.



WHITMAN TRIES IT.

Dowd is recorded with lifting with his hands 1,442 pounds, and he accomplished the feat at Springfield, Mass., March 27, 1883.

Carl Abs, the German Giant, who was in America a few years ago, was a wonderfully strong man. He could lift 900 pounds, play with 150-pound dumbbells, and lift 500 pounds with one hand. Abs, at Hamburg, Germany, lifted a weight weighing 123½ pounds three times from the floor with one hand. He also put up a 220½-pound dumbbell with one hand from shoulder to arm's length, and he also lifted a barrel of flour weighing 212 pounds and shouldered it.

Among the famous giants of strength who are now competing in the arena for fame and glory in feats of strength are Eugene Sandow, a Pomeranian, C. A. Sampson, Cyclops, Louis Cyr, Carl Abs and others. Sandow was born in 1867 in Königsberg. He stands 5 feet 9 inches in height. His chest measurement is 45½ inches, his biceps are 15½ inches and he weighs 295 pounds, and he is said to be one of the strongest men in the world.

Louis Cyr, a Canadian Samson, was born in Montreal in 1866 of French parents, stands 5 feet 11 inches in height; his chest measurement is 50 inches; his biceps, 16 inches, and weight 322 pounds. Cyr is evidently the strongest man in the world, as will be seen by some of the following feats:

Cyr has put up a 245-pound dumbbell from floor to shoulder and from shoulder to arm's length with one hand. On March 28, 1888, at St. Hour, Canada, he lifted a platform on which seven men were seated and which also contained seven dumbbells and a barrel of flour, the whole making a dead weight of 2,378 pounds. He repeated this feat six months later. Immediately after this he placed a barrel of flour upon his shoulder and followed this up by lifting 3,500 pounds of pig-iron with a plank as the hold. At Berthierville, Canada, on October 1, 1888, Cyr put up a 245-pound dumbbell, raising it from the floor to shoulder with both hands, then from shoulder to arm's length above shoulder with one hand. On the same day he lifted 4,556 pounds of pig-iron with his back. The pig-iron was placed on a platform on trestles and he pushed it up, both back, arms and legs, until the planks holding the iron were several inches clear of the trestles. Recently, at Montreal, he lifted a 160-pound dumbbell.

Estimates given on lifting up complete gymnasiums. For further particulars write Richard E. Fox, Franklin Square, New York, enclosing two-cent stamp.

OUR MEN OF MUSCLE.

They All Appear to be Keeping Their Ends Up.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

We received the following special cable Jan. 24:

LONDON, Jan. 24, 1890.
The international prize fight for £200 between Jem Burgess, the light-weight champion of Sydney, New South Wales, and Sam Baxter, the light weight champion of England, was decided to-day in Foley's Gymnasium, Sydney. The men fought at 9 stone 4 pounds. Hundreds of pounds were wagered on the result of the battle and the Australians backed Burgess heavily at 7 to 4, and the English champion had plenty of supporters. The battle was fought according to "Police Gazette" rules. Two-ounce gloves were used.

In the opening of the fight Baxter had the best of the fighting, but Burgess proved the hardest hitter and was in the best condition, and finally knocked out the English champion.

The match was arranged on Nov. 27. Foley received one-third of the gate money. John Cohen, Burgess' backer, won £2,000.

ATKINSON.

Alfred Broadhead, the well-known cricketer of Frankfurt, Pa., died recently in England.

The backers of Andy Bowen are straining themselves to induce Billy Myer to meet their champion.

Jimmy Larkin and Hippy Homer of Boston are to fight in the Gladstone Club, Providence, for a purse of \$1,000 in February.

The glove fight between Jake Kilrain of Baltimore and Felix Yaguelin is to take place at New Orleans on Sunday, Feb. 2.

Ike Weir, the Belfast Spider, claims that he did not sell out when he fought Billy Murphy for the "Police Gazette" champion belt.

Jack Dempsey has recovered from the influenza and will soon resume training. His match with McCarthy has been postponed until Feb. 25.

At Brooklyn, N. Y., on Jan. 23, Jack Casey of Williamsburgh defeated Eddy Shaw in 14 rounds, with skin gloves, "Police Gazette" rules, for \$200.

E. D. Holake, now in Australia, has challenged Scott, the champion, to walk any distance from 1 to 25 miles for \$500, or any man in Australia upon the same terms.

Sailor Brown, the well-known pugilist, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Jan. 23. He is living at Highland Falls, and doing well financially by teaching boxing.

George F. Slosson is the boniface of the Columbia Billiard Hall, Broadway and Twenty-second street, New York. William Riley is no longer the great billiard player's partner.

John L. Sullivan, the champion, left New York for Boston on Jan. 29. The champion refuses to arrange or negotiate for any match with either Peter Jackson or Frank P. Slavin at present.

At San Antonio Reddy Hamilton, of St. Louis, and an unknown of San Antonio are soon to meet. "Police Gazette" rules, for \$1,000. The unknown is a member of Uncle Sam's boys in blue.

Jack Rose and Peter McGinnigle fought for a purse with gloves at Staten Island, N. Y., on Jan. 20. Rose knocked McGinnigle out in the seventh round. The contest lasted 26 minutes 30 seconds.

Frank Cox, who recently fought Tommy Barnes and lost by a foul in 8 rounds fought in 31 minutes, near Buffalo, N. Y., offers to give Barnes another race if the Erie Athletic Club will put up a purse of \$200 or \$500.

At Hackensack, N. J., on Jan. 23, New York game fowls crowded over New Jersey fowls in a cocking main of eight battles. The New Jersey fowls won one battle. The stakes were \$20 each battle and \$40 the odd fight.

A special to the "Police Gazette" from Highland Falls, N. Y., January 23, says: The glove fight between James Scott, of the Pastime Athletic Club, and Fred Klenke, of the Highland Falls Athletic Club, for \$50 a side, was won by the latter.

Henry Heister and John Pierce, both middle-weights, fought without gloves, according to "Police Gazette" rules, at Centre, Mo., on Jan. 13. It was a desperate battle lasting 16 rounds, when Heister was declared the winner. Pierce was knocked out by a right-hander.

The "dogalistic" dispute between Pete, of Fall River, weight, 28½ pounds, and Roxy, of Providence, weight, 27½ pounds, for a purse of \$500, was decided at Providence, R. I., on January 19. Roxy won in 1 hour 25 minutes. Pete is a full bred bull, while the winner is a bull terrier.

A special to the "Police Gazette" from Norwich, Jan. 24, says: "John C. McGee, of this city, a famous middle-weight pugilist of New England, is booked for a go with Pete McCoy, the California middle-weight, before the California Athletic Club of San Francisco for \$200 a side."

A special from Pittsburgh to the "Police Gazette" says: An important dog fight has been arranged between John L. Sullivan and Jack the Ripper. They are to fight at 35 pounds, fair scratch in turn, according to "Police Gazette" rules, for \$500. The battle is to be fought within 100 miles of this city on March 10.

Dan Lannon and Jim Post engaged in a glove fight, "Police Gazette" rules, at Alfred James' hall, Jersey City, on Jan. 23. Lannon was knocked out in the third round. The police arrived, when Lannon quickly revived and escaped by a rope from a third-story window. The proprietor of the resort, Post and eight others were arrested.

The six-day go-as-you-please race, 12 hours a day, ended at Waterbury, Conn., on Jan. 18. Samuel Davis won first money, covering 391 miles. Peter Golden was second with 384 miles; John Hughes was third with 378 miles. The winner received \$210, Golden \$150, Hughes \$75. As usual Happy Jack Smith trained and handled the winner.

George Wilson of Jamaica, L. I., and Billy Johnson of New York, heavy-weight colored pugilists, fought according to London rules, for a purse of \$100, at a well-known resort in New Jersey, on Jan. 19. The battle was well contested up to the seventh round, when the crowd became so noisy and boisterous that the referee declared the battle a draw.

Billy Murphy of Australia holds the "Police Gazette" feather-weight belt. The Australian's backer has posted \$200 forfeit and issued a challenge to again fight Ike Weir, the Belfast Spider, for \$2,000 and the trophy and championship, or any other pugilist in the world of 125 pounds for from \$1,000 to \$2,000 and the "Police Gazette" feather-weight champion belt.

At the St. Louis Natatorium, on Feb. 19 and 20, there will be a boxing tournament of a novel description. It will not only be for bantam and feather-weights, but for light, weights, middle-weights and heavy-weights of special classes from 105 pounds to 180 pounds, from the latter weight to 140 pounds, and from 140 to 160 pounds, and all weights over 160 pounds upward.

The 10-mile walking match between M. J. Casey of Worcester, Mass., and A. Hoemer of New Haven, Conn., was decided at Worcester, Mass., on Jan. 23, and Casey won. It is said, in 1 hour 23 minutes 47 seconds, Hoemer's time being 1 hour 23 minutes 18 seconds. The first mile of the race was covered by Casey in 7 minutes 2 seconds, this being one of the best records ever made in the rink.

Steve Maher defeated David Scott in ten rounds, 30 minutes, London prize ring rules, near Highland Falls, N. Y., on January 23. Maher is 5 feet 8 inches tall and weighed 150 pounds. Scott stands 5 feet 4½ inches in height and scaled 148 pounds. They fought with bare knuckles, according to London prize ring rules, for a purse. Jack Riley and a friend seconded

Scott, while Sailor Brown with a friend attended to Maher. Thomas Gallagher was referee.

On Jan. 18, at the New York Athletic Club, a wrestling match between J. J. O'Brien and Max Lutberg took place. The former weighed 130 pounds and the latter, 135 pounds. The match was the outcome of Lutberg's winning the 135 pound championship recently. The conditions were that the men should wrestle to a fall. After 11 minutes and 50 seconds hard fighting Lutberg claimed a fall, and on the judges refusing to allow it he left the ring and O'Brien was awarded the decision.

A special from the secretary of the Occidental Club, of San Francisco, Cal., says: The Directors of the Occidental Club have matched Jimmy Griffin, of St. Paul, with Billy Mahan, of San Francisco, to fight on February 17 for a purse of \$750-\$600 to the winner, \$150 to the loser. The man weighing in over 138 pounds will forfeit \$150 if he should win, so that in such an event the loser will get \$300. The match is regarded as a very even one. Griffin recently had a ten-round contest with Mulholland, which was a very even affair. Mahan whipped Mulholland in the Los Angeles Club after a long, hard fight.

The following letter was received at the "Police Gazette" office:

NEW YORK, Jan. 23, 1890.

RICHARD E. FOX—Dear Sir: I see that the sporting editor of the *Sun*, also the New York *Sportman*, gave the credit to the State of Maine for having produced in Nelson, 2:14½, the fastest bred horse of any sex bred in New England. Now that credit belongs to the bay gelding Clingstone, 2:14, by Rydyk, dam Gretchen, bred by the Hon. Chas. M. Pond, Hartford, Conn., who owned both sire and dam. By giving this space in your columns you will oblige, JUSTICE.

Harvard College Athletic Association has decided to give Yale College athletes her undivided attention, for Harvard has withdrawn from the football and baseball leagues and refused to meet the Columbia and Cornell crews in New London next June. Yale has also refused to row the Cornell crew, and the only races the Yale Varsity and Freshmen crews will row will be with the Varsity and Freshmen crews of Harvard. Yale's position is therefore practically the same as Harvard's, and in all probability a mass meeting will be held soon, at which the dual league proposed by Harvard will be modified to effect all branches of athletics between the two universities.

The following special was received at the "Police Gazette" office:

ALBANY, Mich., January 24.

Billy W. Moran, of Thorndike, Mass., the heavy-weight pugilist, is stopping here and has forwarded a challenge to the POLICE GAZETTE to fight Peter Jackson for a purse of \$5,000.

The following explains:

ALBANY, Mich., January 21, 1890.

RICHARD E. FOX, Esq., NEW YORK CITY—Dear Sir: I am ready to fight Peter Jackson in a ten-foot ring, London rules, for five thousand (\$5,000). Would like to meet him by May 1st, either California or South Dakota. Will be at Thorndike, Mass., my home, in a few days. Hoping you may be able to bring this match, as I mean business. WILLIAM WALDO MORAN.

The long-pending and much-talked-of glove fight between Mike Lucie, of Troy, N. Y., and Jimmy Carroll, of Brooklyn, N. Y., for a purse of \$1,000, was decided in the Golden Gate Club, San Francisco, on Jan. 23. Lucie weighed 154 pounds, Carroll 160½ pounds. The battle was witnessed by nearly 1,000 spectators and there was heavy betting. Carroll being the favorite at 100 to 80. Four-ounce gloves were used and "Police Gazette" rules governed. The battle was a one-sided affair, Carroll showing his superiority from the first, and while Lucie fought pluckily it was plain to be seen he had no chance. Carroll had Lucie whipped and bleeding in the fourth round, but the latter continued to pluckily face the Brooklyn pugilist for 7 rounds, when he was completely knocked out by a straight left-hander on the jaw. The battle lasted 26 minutes 30 seconds.

The following special was received at the "Police Gazette" office:

MONTPELIER, Idaho, Jan. 23.

Tyball, the trained moose owned by Francis Dunlap of this place, has trotted a mile in 3 minutes 30 seconds. Dunlap is eager to match the moose to trot a race of one mile and repeat against any horse in America in the three-minute class, the POLICE GAZETTE to be final stakeholder and the stakes to be from \$500 to \$1,000 a side.

The moose is one of the sporting sensations here. Tyball was hauled 13,000 feet above the sea, in the Teton Mountains, Wyoming Territory. He is 2 years 6 months old, stands 5 feet 6 inches in height and weighs 600 pounds. He is well broken to harness, can trot single or double and has shown great speed. He will drop on his knees at command, jump five feet in height or over a mustang, and has been trained 19 months.

OUR BIG DUMBBELL.

A large crowd of gladiators and men of muscle assembled at the POLICE GAZETTE office during the week to attempt to lift the Richard E. Fox 1,000 pound dumbbell, for which Mr. Fox offers a \$500 trophy. Among the sports present were Tommy Danforth, Ernest Roeder, the champion wrestler; George Hirschhorn, "Young Samson," John Whitman, "Ajax," Sebastian Miller, better known as the "Man of Iron," Milo, the modern Hercules; Sam, the Swiss Hercules, and a host of others. Each of the giants of strength were confident they could win the prize by lifting the bell. By way of exercise they put up the "Police Gazette" champion club, weight 250 pounds, and they tried the big bell. Sebastian Miller, the German champion, who lifts 1,300 with the health lift and 3,300 with harness and puts up a 250-pound dumbbell, made a great effort to lift the bell. Miller had several trials, but finally gave up, claiming he did not feel well. Miller is going into training, and he is confident that he will lift it.

Whitman attempted to lift the end of the dumbbell with his teeth by fastening a strap to the handle with a pad on one end. He made twenty attempts and would have succeeded only the strap continued to slip. He lifted it by a strap being placed around his neck and by using one hand. He tried for one hour to lift it the whole way up, but failed.

L. Hipschhorn, Alcibiades, "The Man of Muscle," attempted to lift the bell, but although he lifts 500-pound weights, the "Police Gazette" dumbbell was too heavy for him, and he gave up after exhausting himself.

On January 24 the POLICE GAZETTE office was again crowded with giants of strength who all made efforts to lift the dumbbell. Among those present were J. W. Kennedy, of Quincy, Ill., the modern Hercules. Louis Hansen, the Cowboy Samson, who lifts horses, bends iron bars and lifts 1,300. Hansen hails from Red River. He is minus half one of his forefingers, and carries three or four stray bullets which he stopped in affrays and escapades with cowboys. He could not lift the "Police Gazette" dumbbell, but he offered to bet \$500 he could place his neck on a chair and his feet on another chair and hold the bell on his chest. The bet was accepted by Richard E. Fox, and the Cowboy Samson will attempt the feat if men can be found to lift the bell on his chest. Sebastian Miller lifted 1,045 pounds last Thursday in an iron foundry on Thirty-seventh street.

A NEW MEXICO MILL.

The following special was received at the POLICE GAZETTE office:

GALLOP, N. M., Jan. 22.

The long talked of glove contest between Jimmy Edwards, champion middle-weight of Arizona, and Hugh McSparron, champion light-weight of New Mexico, was decided here. The men fought according to "Police Gazette" rules for \$1,000. About 400 persons were present, and about \$3,000 was wagered on the result. The ring was erected in the Capt. Smith Club, and Wm. Dooley, the well known sporting man, was referee.

Both men had gone through some heavy training, as they both seemed in the pink of condition. Edwards tipped the beam at 157, while McSparron scarcely pulled 138. The betting opened at 100 to 75 in favor of Edwards. The first round ended by Edwards being knocked down, while in the second and third rounds both men were terribly punished. In the sixth round Edwards fought desperately, but a blow on the jaw settled him and he was knocked out. Edwards was disfigured severely about the face.

Life and battles of John L. Sullivan, Jake Kilrain, Jack Dempsey and Tom Sayers. All handsomely illustrated. Price, 25 cents each. RICHARD E. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York City.



LOVE WITH A VENGEANCE.

MISS NELLIE RYAN IS SHOT AND INSTANTLY KILLED BY ROBERT L. SCOTT, A REJECTED LOVER, IN DENVER, COLORADO.



THE PREACHER ON HIS MUSCLE.

THE REV. DR. PORTEUS KNOCKS OUT FOUR TRAMPS WHO WERE MAKING A LODGING HOUSE OF THE OAKLAND, CAL., DEPOT.



SERIOUS RUNAWAY ACCIDENT.

TWO HORSES AND CARRIAGES COLLIDE ON A RAILWAY, N. J., THOROUGHFARE AND SMASH THINGS UP TERRIBLY AND A GIRL IS INJURED.



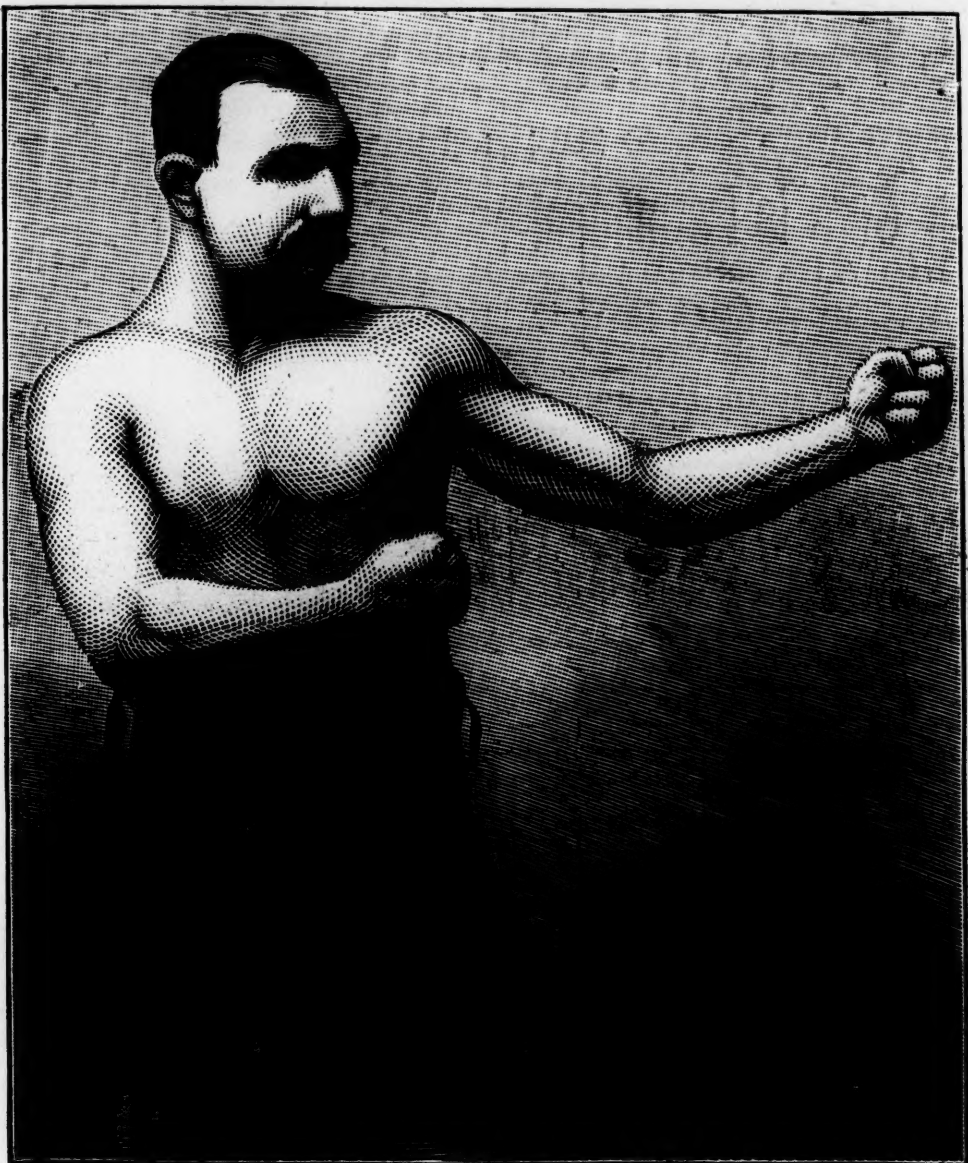
BECAUSE THEY COULDN'T FLIRT.

THAT'S WHY THE GIRLS OF THE HOUSATONIC BRASS COMPANY'S FACTORY IN BIRMINGHAM, CONN., TIED UP THEIR OBJECTIONABLE FOREMAN.

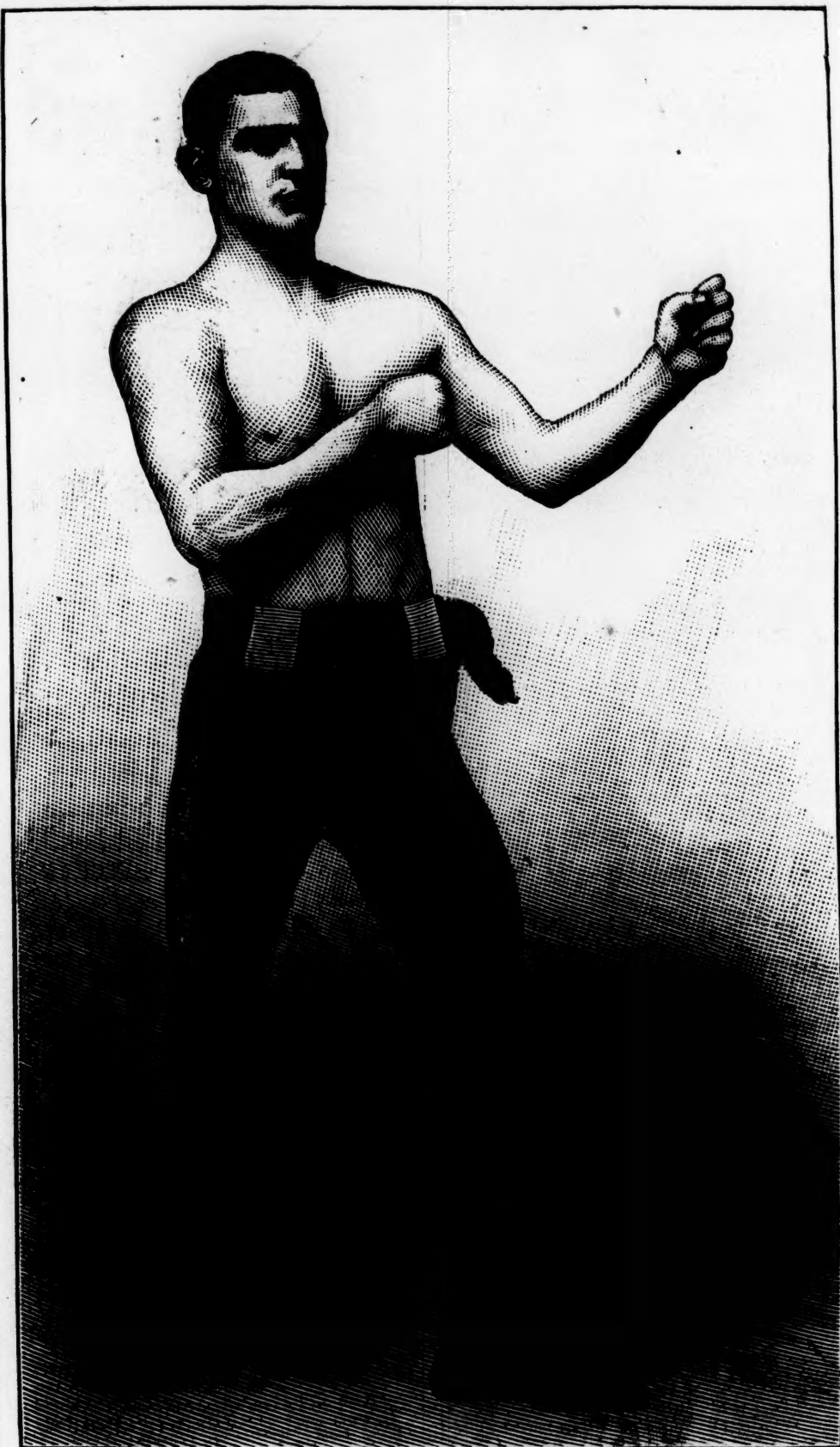


VICTIMS OF A FEUD.

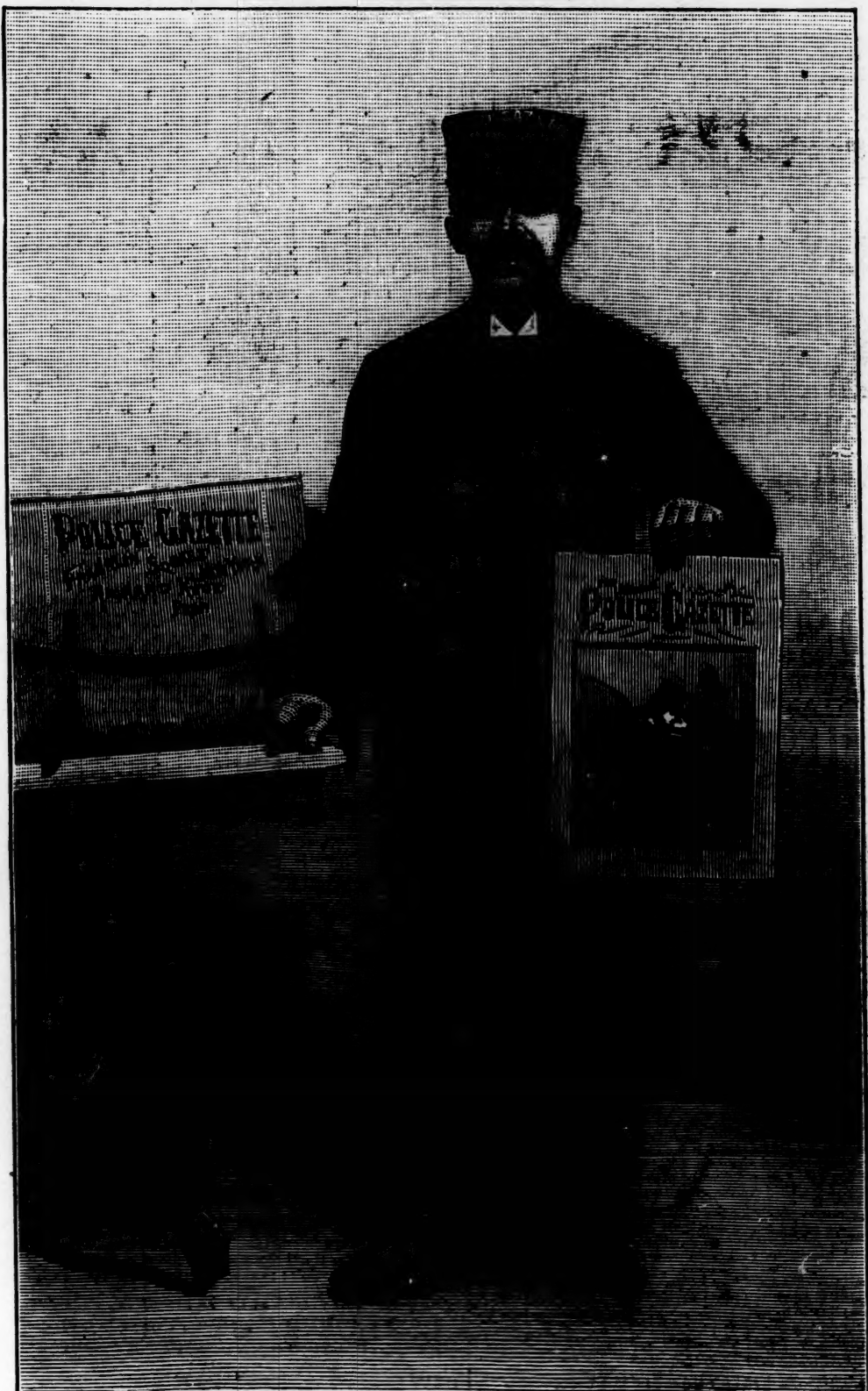
MEMBERS OF THE MCCOY GANG MURDER CONSTABLE R. M. LONG AND FATALLY WOUND HIS WIFE IN GUYANDOTTE COUNTY, KY.



WHO WILL ACCOMMODATE HIM?
FRANK, OTHERWISE "SCOTTY," COX, WHO IS ANXIOUS TO MEET ANY FEATHER-
WEIGHT PUGILIST IN THE WORLD.



A FAMED PUGILIST.
FELIX VAUQUELIN, OF NEW ORLEANS, WHO IS TO MEET JAKE KILBRAIN ON FEB-
RUARY SECOND IN THE CRESCENT CITY.



OUR CHAMPION AGENT.
GEORGE DUFRANE, THE PRIZE COMMISSIONER OF THE "POLICE GAZETTE,"
DRESSED IN HIS NEW SUIT OF CLOTHES.



A CHAMPION ENGLISH RIDER.
SAMMY LOATES, THE POPULAR JOCKEY, WHO WON MORE MOUNTS THAN ANY
OTHER OF HIS FELLOW PIGSKINITE IN 1889.

MEDICAL



THE COLORED CHAMPION IN TOWN.

PETER JACKSON, OF AUSTRALIA, WHO RECENTLY DOWNED JEM SMITH, ARRIVES FROM EUROPE AND MEETS WITH A GRAND AND GLORIOUS RECEPTION.